

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

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## BEWARE OF THE SUN

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### THE STOLEN QUEEN

#### THE MUMMY THAT VANISHED

#### Mystery of the Mother of the Builder of the Great Pyramid A SECRET 5000 YEARS OLD

There is an old saying that "Murder will out," and the moral of it holds good in respect of something that the Ancient Egyptians held as detestable as murder, and that is sacrilege. To rifle any tomb was a hideous crime, but to rob the tomb of the mother of Egypt's mightiest man, Cheops, builder of the Great Pyramid, was an act of desecration which must have placed the perpetrators beyond the pale of humanity.

So, though the crime was discovered, the terrible secret was buried. Only now, after 5000 years, has it at last been divulged. We know what Cheops was not allowed to know.

#### The Empty Tomb

The first chapter has been revealed already in the discovery that the tomb of Queen Hetepheres, mother of Cheops, contained no body. The body was supposed to be found in a hidden rock chamber cut in the limestone wall of the tomb, and something very amazing has been found there, but not the mummy. That is gone for ever, and only the empty sarcophagus remains. The conclusion of the investigating scientists is thrilling.

Undoubtedly robbers broke into the first tomb. They must have destroyed the mummified body of the Queen in stripping off the bandages to obtain the jewels with which it would be adorned. Then, in order to remove traces of their crime, they disposed of the body.

When the rifling of the tomb was discovered the priests and Court officials would not dare to confess the dire tragedy to Cheops. They must simply have let him know that the tomb had been opened, without mentioning the loss of the body; and he, in secretly reburial the sarcophagus in the second tomb, would imagine that the precious dust of his mother lay undisturbed within.

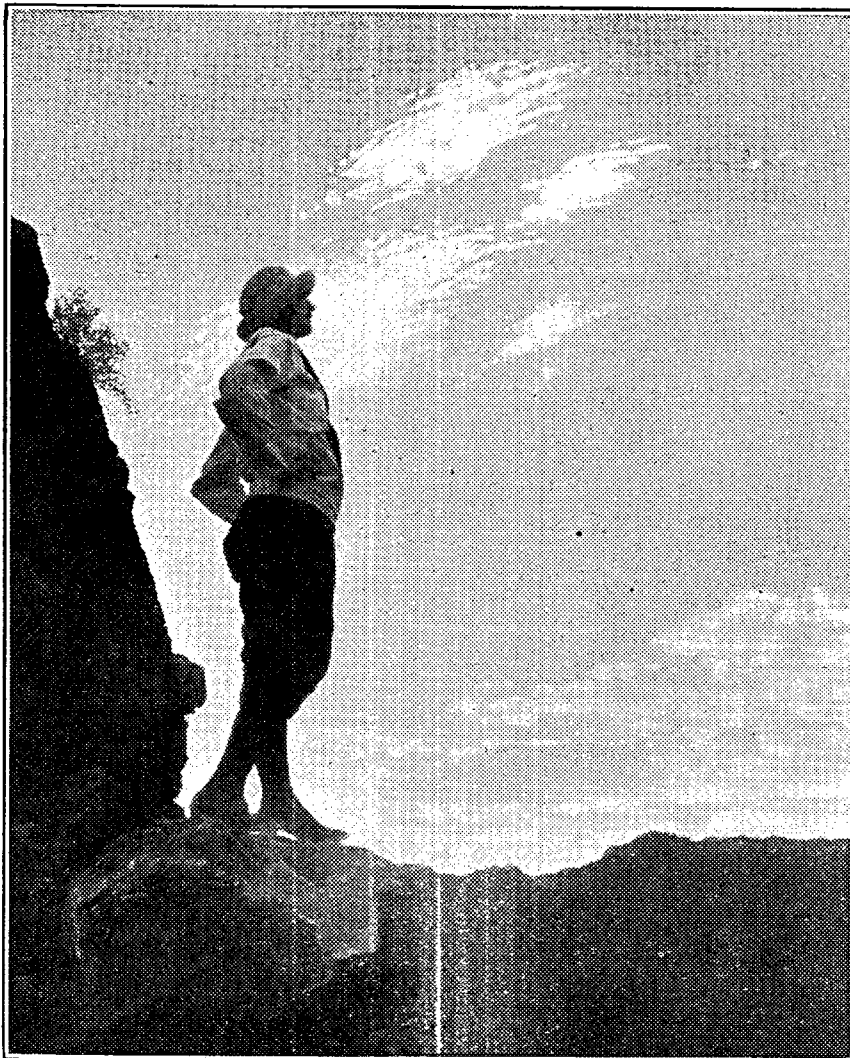
#### A Strange Discovery

Though the body is missing, a precious jar has been found, a Canopic jar in which were placed the vital organs of the dead after the mummification. The jar in the tomb contains exactly what experts expect to find in such circumstances, the sole remaining organic relics of the dead queen. But, more wonderful still, the vessel contains a clear golden fluid.

What this is chemical analysis will in time reveal. In any case the discovery is unique, for it is the first time that liquid of any kind has been found in a tomb after 5000 years.

It is all a wonderful part of a wonderful story. Cheops could enslave a nation to build a tomb to keep his body intact, but his own mummy is lost, and so is his mother's.

### Waiting for the Eclipse



Astronomers have now completed their arrangements for observing and recording the total eclipse of the Sun on June 29, the first visible in England for over 200 years. On that morning probably more people will be up to see the Sun rise than at any time in the history of the country, and we all hope for a fine morning

### THE ANIMALS IN THE FLOOD

#### No Ark for These Poor Things

While the world was waiting anxiously for news of the human lives threatened by the Mississippi floods there was no room for other thoughts; but people afterwards began to ask what had happened to the animals when huge districts were inundated by the merciless waters? There was no Noah's Ark for them.

It is believed that most of the otters, beavers, opossums, and bears have found safety and that thousands of deer have swum to the hills; but wild turkey, wolves, and cougars have perished in great numbers. As for the musk-rats, fur traders have had rafts made for them, and many of the little creatures found shelter on them. The musk-rat's fur brings in nearly a million pounds a year to the Louisiana trader; hence the floating islands provided to save it from extinction.

Dogs have fared worst of all. It was difficult to feed even the human beings cut off by the floods, and hundreds of dogs have been shot to put them out of their misery and hunger.

### A SURPRISE IN THE COLLECTION

#### A Little Help from the Hen

In Norfolk nobody likes to be left out when a charitable deed is to be done. The egg collection for county hospitals was taken up in the villages, and the humblest rejoiced to see their names in the list of contributors. Charity was in the air. Everyone could give an egg.

So widespread was the enthusiasm that it seems to have communicated itself to at least one hen. This bird was no prolific Wyandotte whose name might appear in the newspapers as the winner of an egg-laying competition, but just a common barn-door fowl whose eggs barely pay for her board and lodging. Still she did her best.

While the parishioners were at church service she bustled in through the open door and modestly made her way toward the placard which bore the names of contributors, and there as modestly laid an egg.

It cannot well be called the widow's mite, but no goose that laid the golden eggs ever produced a gift one in a more appropriate way.

### TRUE TILL DEATH

#### The Little Mother And Her Young

#### HERCULANEUM ON A HAMPSHIRE HEATH

A sad but beautiful example of mother love has been revealed by a heath fire at Church Crookham, in Hampshire.

Round about the gorse bushes a male linnet was flying and sounding his plaintive alarm note in an obvious agony of distress, which the men of the fire brigade were unable to relieve. When the flames had been extinguished, however, they examined the bush near which the bird had made such a display of anxiety and alarm. There they found the remains of the linnet's nest, and in it were the little ones. Resting on them was his mate, dead, like her fledglings. Fire had been unable to drive her from her trust; she had perished at her post of duty.

#### The Supreme Terror

A linnet weighs but an ounce; its nest is so modest in size that a gorse bush would house a score of them, and the surrounding bushes hundreds more. Yet she had sat tight with her babies and seen fire, the supreme terror of all animal life, leaping up all round her. Her world was being destroyed; the day of doom had come for her and hers, yet she would not or could not desert. Here was her Herculanum; and she remained at her post.

This bird's little world, her universe, her all, was passing away with her, all in roaring fire, but her constancy was unshaken, her duty discharged to the end. May we, then, rank little birds as our equals in self-sacrificing courage? In effect we may, but perhaps not on the level of conscious choice, deliberate consecration of self to an ideal.

A bird cannot reason and say to itself "Fire destroys birds and nests, and will kill me if I remain; yet it would be cowardice in me to desert, dutiful and courageous to remain." Nesting is so hazardous, the rearing of hungry young so laborious, that Nature charges birds with an over-mastering passion for the task, and the difficulty of a brooding bird would be only in offering resistance to the impulse.

#### Instinct and Heroism

At such times birds develop what is called a brood patch on the breast, a tract of flesh which burns at an abnormal temperature. A poultry hen will sit on a stone, a penguin on a piece of ice; so ardent is the yearning to incubate. A mother robin, not long ago, froze to death on her nest of eggs which she had laid before unseasonable frost returned to slay her.

Reason, as we know it, is not granted to birds; strong, invincible instinct takes its place with them. But instinct has its heroisms no less than conscious endeavour, and the two great forces make the living world what it is.



## GROWING WONDERS OF THIS AGE

### MAN'S TRIUMPH OVER MAN

The Longest Flight Ever Made  
in an Aeroplane

#### LINDBERGH BEATEN

One wonder treads upon another's heel, so fast they come. Captain Lindbergh in his Spirit of Saint Louis has been beaten already by Mr. Clarence Chamberlin, flying in his Columbia from New York to Germany. Atlantic flights will soon be like Channel swims; we shall hardly notice them.

It was startling enough, however, for a garage in the little town of Eisleben, 100 miles from Berlin, when the Columbia came down there and asked for petrol at half-past five in the morning; and again for the little town of Kottbus, 40 miles nearer Berlin, where the Columbia was forced to land in a swamp.

The two landings spoiled the dramatic appearance in Berlin, but they take away nothing from the wonder of the great flight, the longest flight on record for any plane, and the more amazing that Mr. Chamberlin had a passenger with him, Mr. Levine, a rich man whose father left Poland as a poor boy.

The facts of the flight are remarkable. Leaving New York at 12.4 p.m. (British summer time) on Saturday, Mr. Cham-

#### This Realm, This England, This Dear, Dear Land

The mothers of Lindbergh and Chamberlin were both British.

The engines of both their planes were designed by an Englishman.

Behind both these immense achievements lie British hearts and British brains.

berlin flew over land and sea to Newfoundland, and about midnight he passed Cape Race, Newfoundland. Then began the greatest part of his journey, 2100 miles over the ocean without a sight of land, fighting hard most of the time against cross-winds which would carry him off his course.

#### Over the Mauretania

When he was only 340 miles off Land's End he saw the Mauretania making for America and made a circle of the vessel, much to the enjoyment of the passengers. He was then within ten miles of Lindbergh, who was on his way to America in a cruiser. What a thrilling meeting there might have been had he but known! The hero returning in triumph as the guest of his country is beaten by a hero riding in the clouds above him!

Flying over Cornwall on Sunday evening, he passed Boulogne early on Monday morning, and at 5.50 the same morning was compelled to come down at Eisleben.

The two had been in the air for about 42 hours, and had covered 3905 miles, thus beating Lindbergh's long-distance record by about 300 miles.

#### The End of the Flight

After taking in petrol the flight was continued for another hundred miles or so to Kottbus, when engine trouble developed, and in landing on soft ground the propeller was broken, thus ending the flight about 50 miles south of Berlin.

A little mishap spoiled the end of the journey, but the result of it all was that Lindbergh was beaten, and arrived home to receive the plaudits of his own people while another of his countrymen was receiving the plaudits of the people of Europe. How wonderful it is, this triumph of man over Nature and then over man himself!

## BEWARE OF THE SUN WARNING TO ECLIPSE SPECTATORS

How to Guard the Most  
Precious Thing in the World  
USE THE C.N. SPECTACLES

With every copy of next week's C.N. will be given away a pair of Eclipse Spectacles. It is of the greatest importance that such spectacles should be used in looking at the Sun.

By a Scientific Correspondent

When the Sun climbs the skies on the morning of June 29 millions of eyes which might otherwise be closed on their pillows will be turned to watch its progress, awaiting the breathless moment of the coming of the Earth's shadow on the Sun's bright disc. On the morn of its Eclipse the Sun will discover uncounted multitudes of worshippers.

They must beware of the unaccustomed act of gazing at its brightness, and we hope they will all use C.N. Spectacles, or something like them. Everyone knows that after merely glancing at a very bright patch of sunlight, or of half glancing at a window through which the Sun's rays are pouring on a sunny morning, a patch of yellow light, slowly changing to purple, makes its appearance in the vision.

#### The Purple Ring

The effect of this bright light is partly to blind the eye to other objects for a time, and this may last a minute or two. The purple ring (for such it appears to be) gradually grows smaller and disappears, sometimes breaking up first.

This illusion, as it may be called, is produced by the light rays which have fallen on a substance at the back of the eye and produced a change in it. It can almost be compared with the chemical change which light produces on the sensitive material of a photographic plate. The effect of the rays is to wear out or use up some of the substance at the back of the eye. When the rays cease to fall the eye repairs the loss and vision becomes normal again.

#### A Great Risk

If, however, the strong rays fall on to the eye too long the using-up of the material may be so persistent that it cannot be recovered, and there remains a permanent bleaching of the retina. This is felt as an actual and persistent blindness, which the oculists have a good deal of difficulty in removing. It is of the greatest importance to take all precautions to preserve your sight, the most precious human possession in the world.

It is for these reasons that those who watch the Sun on June 29 must be very careful not to look too long and closely at its disc before the Eclipse. They run a great risk, and doctors at other times and in other countries have had many cases of eclipse blindness to deal with.

#### Protecting the Eyes

The only safe way to look at the Sun for any length of time, even a few seconds, is to do so with the eyes protected by coloured and smoked glass, or by some specially-prepared transparent material. On the occasion of an eclipse which was partially visible in Holland some years ago the Government issued to all the schools cards similar in purpose to our C.N. Spectacles. The substance through which we look in these is of the same material as a photographic film which has been fogged and then specially treated, so that it not only cuts down the quantity of light but alters its quality by shutting out the fierce ultra-violet rays.

No one should look at the Sun without such special protection on June 29. Smoked glasses are not protective enough. No glasses or other protection are wanted while the Sun's disc is completely covered.

As the demand for the C.N. Spectacles will be very great next week's paper should be ordered specially to prevent disappointment.

## 103 AND STILL BOWLING

92 and Still Hoping  
OLD MEN IN LOVE WITH  
THE WORLD

Someone has said there is no virtue in being old or in being young. Of course, it is how we live, not how long, that matters. That is why we congratulate Mr. Bening Arnold of Bourne-mouth, who is 103 and has been playing the opening game of the season at the Alum Chine Bowling Green.

It is not particularly clever to live to 103, but it is an achievement to have lived so wisely that you are fit enough physically and keen enough mentally to play games after you have made a century. Many boys and girls fear old age because they think it will mean an end to the wholesome strife and zest of games, but if they live clean, active lives there is no reason why they should not be like Colonel R. E. Crompton who plays squash racquets at 82, or Mr. Bening Arnold who enjoys a game of bowls at 103, or Lord Balfour who plays tennis at 79.

#### Model School Condemned

And there is another grand young man in our mind this week, a good old friend of ours of 92. He is Alderman Robert Mellors of Nottingham, who has many reasons for pride in a long life packed with work and service. But no one would guess one of the happenings that has pleased him most in all these years. It is the fact that a model school Mr. Mellors built at Arnold 60 years ago has been condemned to come down! It is to make way for one better lighted, better ventilated, and better, he says, in every way.

Yet when Mr. Mellors built it 60 years ago, before there were any council schools, it was regarded as a model school, and its condemnation today marks the great advance that has been made in our ideas of what is good for children. No wonder this has caused Mr. Mellors the deepest pleasure. It is one more reason why he remains an incurable optimist.

It is actually 75 years ago since Mr. Mellors wrote a pamphlet advocating penny savings banks for children, and now he is calling for more playing-fields for children. It reminds us of another old friend of ours who took the chair at a Liberal meeting the other night, and began by reminding his audience that he was canvassing for a Liberal candidate 70 years ago!

#### LITTLE BROWNIE

##### Chief Guide and a Hero's School

There is a school at King Williams-town, South Africa, which will never forget the heroism of Little Brownie, the twelve-year-old May Sutton, who gave a hand to her little sister Anne and gave up her life rather than let go.



May Sutton

When Lady Baden-Powell was in South Africa she visited King Williams-town and heard the story (told in the C.N. last February) and was deeply touched by it. She asked that the treasured Girl Guide decoration, the Medal of Merit, should be given to the Brownie Pack to which May belonged, as it could not be given to May herself.

So one day the Brownie Pack paraded in the grounds of the school May and Anne had attended, and the Divisional Commissioner handed the medal to two little Brownie leaders with a letter from the Chief Guide, who asked them to have it framed and hung in the school to keep May's memory green among them.

## PATCH AND HIS MASTER

### THE DOG THAT TRIED HARD

A Sad Adventure on the  
Cliffs of Yorkshire

#### HOW STUPID HUMANS ARE!

This is the pitiful story of Patch, the fox terrier, and how he spent 24 hours in seeking help for his young master, who all the time lay dead.

Arthur Williams, a boy of 14, and his friend Frank Anderson lived at Scarborough, and went cliff-climbing at Cloughton, four miles away to the north. They each found two eggs, and laid them in their caps at the top of the cliff, and set Arthur's dog Patch to mind them while they went for more.

Then a terrible thing happened. The boys fell over the cliff edge to a spot a hundred feet below. Arthur was killed, and Frank was so seriously hurt that he could only lie by his dead friend and wait. Poor Patch was in a pitiful state.

#### Trying to Get Help

He dashed off to Cloughton railway-station, a mile away, and tried to tell the people there what had happened, but they would not understand. He barked and whined and ran off and came back, but it was all no use. The people thought he was a stray, and drove him off. What he did then we do not know. Perhaps he went back to guard the eggs. Perhaps he scrambled down to where his master lay, to keep vigil through the night, thinking, no doubt, how stupid humans are.

But the next day he was trying to get help again. This time he went to the next village, but the people at Scalby Mills understood no better than those at Cloughton. So he raced back three miles to the cliff-top and did the only thing there was left to do, mount guard over the caps and the gulls' eggs.

#### Seen Through Field-Glasses

Meanwhile, of course, though Patch had not met them, search-parties were out, for the boys had long ago been missed, and it was known that they had gone egg-hunting. One of the party searched the cliff with field-glasses, and happily saw Patch, far, far away from where he stood. We may imagine Patch's delight when this man reached the place of his long vigil. Here, at last, was someone who would understand.

Patch took him down and showed him the pitiful sight; then, knowing he had done all a dog could do, he scrambled up the cliff again and went home to Scarborough, alone.

#### THINGS SAID

We all eat too much.

Dr. Leonard Williams

That sure wanted some beating.

Lindbergh on his Croydon welcome

A good orator but a bad stoker.

A Bolshevik on a Bolshevik

We need your help. You may need ours.

Westminster Hospital

A fortune awaits the inventor of good

garden furniture. The Hon. Mrs. Cust

England can produce more perfect work, more finished work, more honest work, than any nation.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor

A head wind of ten miles an hour reduces an airship's speed by ten miles, exactly as it does a tomtit's.

Admiral Henderson

We are told there is a great deal of silliness among young people. I remember hearing that when I was young.

Mr. Baldwin

Too many people treat their parson as a penny-in-the-slot machine which they can turn on for baptisms or weddings.

Bishop of St. Albans



June 18, 1927

The Children's Newspaper

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## WHO WANTS A BIT OF HISTORY?

### THE TOWER AS A SHOP

The Thrilling Things That Have Been Sold in the Past

### TRAITOR'S GATE FOR A SHOWMAN

The extraordinary spectacle at the Tower of London of the sale, day by day, of what is described as superfluous arms has not unnaturally aroused some alarm in the public mind. If the objects thus offered are unwanted at the Tower, are the authorities so impoverished, it is asked, that they cannot afford to give them to museums which would welcome exhibits from so famous a place?

Doubtless the officials responsible will resent those questions as to the propriety of their conduct, but they inherit, with the storied building of which they have charge for the moment, something of the suspicion incurred by certain of their predecessors. Incredibly wrong and stupid things have been done in the not-distant past at this incomparable old Tower of London.

#### Official Spoilers

There is no other perfect inhabited building in the whole world with such a history. It is the best preserved structure of its kind in existence; and every stone in it could tell a story, so that gold is less desirable than its meanest detail. Yet official spoilers have been permitted, in the past, to "restore" away some of its most tragically precious features, and actually to sell as rubbish objects about which clung centuries of the most poignant history of our nation.

England possessed, perhaps, no more striking memorial of her history than Traitor's Gate, the portal to which boats came from the Thames, bringing their unhappy prisoners. The famous gates are gone from the river portal they guarded, by which passed as notable and sad a procession of illustrious figures as ever country had.

#### New Steps for Old

The ancient steps, built by Henry the Third and worn by the sad and faltering feet of Raleigh, Lady Jane Grey, Wallace, Buckingham, Strafford, Sir Thomas More, Anne Boleyn, and many another, were torn up late in the 19th century and replaced by a new staircase of Bath stone.

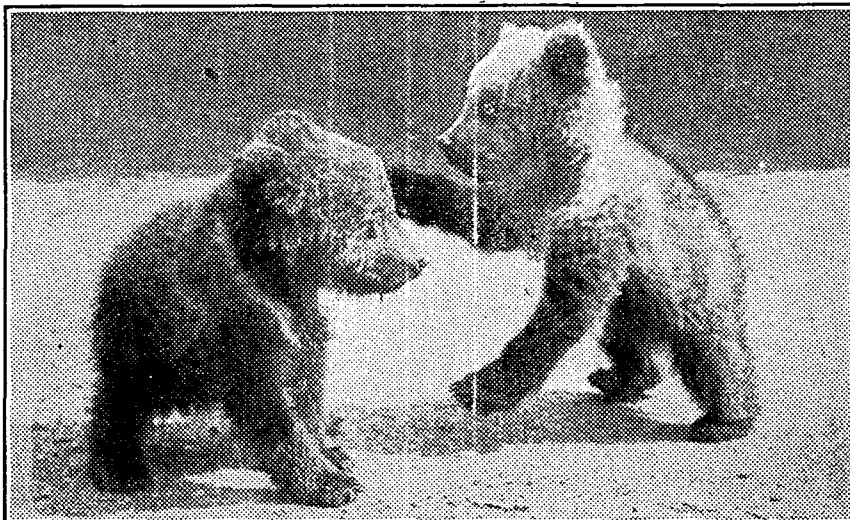
The gates, whose very mention makes English blood thrill, were pulled down at the same time, green and worn by ten thousand tides, yet still tough and durable. They were sold to a White-chapel dealer, who, in turn, sold them to Barnum for £50 for the showman's exhibition in New York.

#### Saved at the Last Moment

Trinity Square, on Tower Hill, narrowly escaped. Here stood the block on which were struck off the heads of Bishop Fisher, More, Essex, Surrey, Seymour, Somerset, Northumberland, Wyatt, Strafford, Algernon Sidney, Laud, and Charles the Second's son, the Duke of Monmouth. In 1879 the scene was on the point of destruction when, on the very day of beginning, the Crown Prince of Sweden visited it as one of the most sacred spots in England.

The accident of his visit upon a vital day was cited in the House of Lords as an argument in favour of the tragic site's preservation, and the situation was saved. With these facts in mind, lovers of the Tower may be forgiven their anxiety that no such blunders shall recur in our own time.

## VISITORS FROM SIBERIA



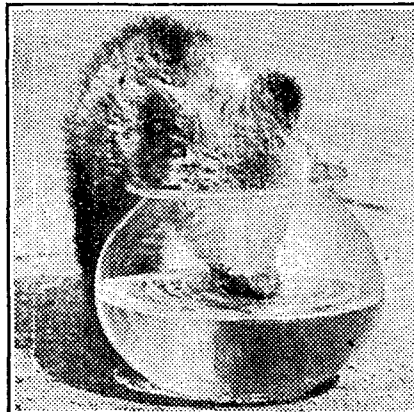
The beginning of a merry romp



Feeding one of the bears from a milk bottle



Anxious for a drink



Quenching his thirst



A dancing lesson for the two bears

Two Siberian brown bear cubs were sent recently to a naturalist in London, and they have been romping together like kittens in their new home. These pictures show that the little bears look remarkably like the toy Teddy Bears that were once so popular with children. They appear to be thriving in the more genial climate of their adopted country.

## THE WONDERFUL VILLAGE BOY

### HOW HE SPENT HIS SAVINGS

Famous Dr. Wright and His Colossal Achievement

### THE TWO THACKLEYS

One of the most interesting men in the world lives at Oxford, and the name of his house, which has a beautiful garden, is Thackley.

The other day the famous man was walking in his garden with a friend, and standing on the green lawn he pointed to the slab roof of the house and said that he had sent all the way to the Yorkshire moors for those splendid stones. They came from the wind-blown moors near his old home at Thackley, near Bradford.

#### From Thackley to Oxford

This famous and delightful person is Dr. Joseph Wright, the author of the English Dialect Dictionary, of whom we were speaking in the C.N. only the other day. Joseph Wright has come to the proud dignity of an Oxford professor by a romantic road. All the beautiful and famous spires of Oxford cannot blot out from his mind the memory of a certain little cottage at Thackley, nor all the honours which have come to him make his heart forget a room in another Yorkshire cottage where he once taught reading and arithmetic for twopence a week.

Early in Joseph Wright's boyhood his father died, and the widowed mother had to take her four children into a workhouse. Never could the fortunes of any family have seemed at a more hopeless pitch of desperation. Nor did their prospects appear much brighter when fatherless little Joseph, aged six, went to work in a quarry, for which he earned 1s. 6d. a week, each of the labourers also giving him a penny a week for the help he rendered them. But it was a beginning, and Joseph was only waiting for a start. He worked in the quarry for a year, and then his mother got him work at the mill of Sir Titus Salt, where there was a school.

#### A Self-Taught Scholar

While France and Prussia were flying at each other's throats in 1870, this little mill boy was teaching himself to read, using for the purpose the Bible and the Pilgrim's Progress. Keen enthusiasm for learning possessed him. With little or no help, he taught himself Latin and Greek, French and German, and at the age of twenty set up a school in the bedroom of his mother's cottage.

A year passed, and he had saved £40. How did he spend it? Even if there had been motor-bicycles and kinemas in those days they would not have tempted him, for in his blood was the happiest passion that can thrill a youthful mind, the passion for knowledge. So he took his £40 with him to Heidelberg University, and treated himself to a fourteen weeks' course of study there.

#### Ten Happy Years of Work

He began his famous dictionary in 1895, and finished it in ten years, ten of the happiest years in a life that has been more industrious than that of any bee or ant. At the end of the ten years this tireless worker had been through two million entries concerning the ancient words of English speech.

It is as certain as anything human can be certain that as long as the English language endures, whatever may become of these British Islands, men will search the fascinating pages of this dictionary, which was composed by one who began life in a workhouse, with no father to help him, and was out in the world earning wages at the age of six.

We suggest that all future editions of this immortal work should be prefaced by a sketch of Joseph Wright's heroic life and illustrated by pictures of the two Thackleys.



## QUEER SCENE ON A RIVER

### THE PIKE THAT TRIED TO EAT A DOG

Extraordinary Adventure with  
the Pirate of Our Waters

### A BOLD BAD CREATURE

By Our Natural Historian

*Hist! That's a pike. Look, nose against  
the river,*

*Gaunt as a wolf—the sly old privateer!  
Enter a gudgeon. Snap! A gulp, a  
shiver;*

*Exit the gudgeon. Let us anchor here.*

So much for the poet's attitude toward an English pike. But if we could put speech into the mouth of the terrier owned by Mr. Enderby, of Bush Hill Park, he would probably say of the neighbourhood of these fish, "Let us anchor anywhere but here."

For the terrier was enjoying an innocent swim in the New River at Enfield the other day when one of his legs was suddenly imprisoned as in a rat-trap. The terrible jaws of a pike had seized him and pulled him under, and a second fish joined in the fray. Mr. Enderby thrust in his walking-stick, and the dog, securing hold with his mouth, was drawn almost to safety when the two fierce fish made so furious an onslaught that the little animal had to release its hold, and was again pulled down.

### A Thrill Indeed

For a quarter of an hour the extraordinary combat lasted, the two pike against a dog which was being aided from the bank. Finally a pole was obtained and the assailants were bludgeoned off their prey as if they had been dogs fighting on shore.

Our land has so little to fear from wild life, only the pike in the water and the adder on the heath remaining from all our once formidable foes, that an adventure of this sort comes as a thrill indeed, and hints to us what must be the terrors of Africa, Asia, and Australian rivers where crocodiles, and not pike, abound and pull down men and the rhinoceros for their prey; or of rivers where the swordfish charges, and the Baluga, a mighty sturgeon type of fish, preys on human beings.

### The Cruel Teeth

But the boldness of our own pike can scarcely be over-stated. They have been seen to snap up pheasants, ducks, and pigeons which fowls have dropped in the water; to attack the lips of a drinking horse; and to feast habitually on rats and waterfowl; and some C.N. readers will remember their attack on a woman bathing at a secluded spot in the famous Frensham Pond, near Aldershot, six years ago. She was seized by the leg by a pike. The cruel teeth fastened upon her, and the more she struggled the more resolute became the grip. Terror and pain paralysed her voice, and she must have been dragged down to death had not the amazing commotion in the water attracted the attention of distant bathers and drawn them to her rescue.

### Half a Million Eggs

Men call the pike a pirate, and his acts do not belie his title. A pike may equal in length the height of a man and weigh nearly half a hundredweight. If all that are hatched came to maturity, river bathing would lose its attractions, for one pike, only 32 pounds, contained over half a million eggs!

Poets may glorify the pike, and we may exult over stories of it in books, but, in sober fact, pike and bathers, whether human or dog, are just as well apart.

E. A. B.

## A GREAT CREW AT HENLEY

### The C.N. Favourite EIGHT VICTORIOUS MEN

*Men who never turn their backs, but march  
breastforward,  
Never doubt that clouds will break,  
Never dream, though right is worsted, wrong  
will triumph,  
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,  
Sleep to wake.*

For once in its life the C.N. is going to be like some of the newspapers which forecast the results of races, only it will speak with greater certainty than the racing papers ever do, and no betting will be involved.

The C.N. prophesies that the favourite for the Thames Challenge Cup Race at Henley Regatta this year will be the Worcester College crew.

It is a very good crew, with a splendid rhythm, and it has had several successes, but the thing which will make it the most popular crew at Henley is the fact that the crew is blind. Each of the eight sportsmen has been brave enough to overcome an affliction which many would call life's greatest handicap.

### The Spirit England Loves

It is strange to think that if these eight men had not been sightless they might not have been oarsmen. Rowing is the official sport of Worcester College for the Blind. Of course, the cox is a man of normal eyesight.

We may be sure that if this crew wins the Thames Challenge Cup it will be the most popular victory in the annals of rowing. And if they do not beat all the first-class crews who will strive against them what will it matter? They will show us some fine oarsmanship and the spirit that England loves: the spirit that conquers suffering, tackles difficulty, refuses to be pitied, and is only beaten to fight better. These blind sportsmen have already won a far greater battle than any boatrace.

## CRYING FOR £500 A YEAR A Post in the City

*Fire! fire! said the Common Crier.  
Where? where? said the Lord Mayor.  
In—my—pipe!*

A Common Crier who really played such a trick on a Lord Mayor would no doubt be dismissed on the spot, and we do not suppose the new Common Crier and Serjeant-at-Arms for the City of London will try it.

There were 300 candidates for his post, which carries with it a salary of £500 a year, and the successful candidate was chosen for his upright carriage and his clear, penetrating voice. He is Mr. W. T. Boston, an auctioneer, and he beat another good voice, that of an old naval officer, by two votes.

His duties include continuous attendance on the Lord Mayor, the reading of proclamations, and the summoning of aldermen and councillors to meetings. He proclaims the King on the steps of the Mansion House.

## FRANCIS CLARK

### Why He Went Round the World Five Times

A man who had a world-wide influence on his time has passed away in Francis Edward Clark, founder of the World Christian Endeavour Union.

The movement was started 46 years ago, when he was only 30, holding his first pulpit at Portland, in the State of Maine. In six years a national society was started, and eight years later it covered the world. Its aim was "to make the young people loyal and effective members of the Church of Christ," and there was a pledge to attend a weekly prayer meeting and to live a life of service.

Mr. Clark travelled five times round the world in organising the Union.

## AMERICA'S TREASURE HOUSE

### The Poor Boy Who Grew Rich

### AND THE BEAUTIFUL THINGS HE LOVED

The American people have just become the possessors of a wonderful collection of treasures which students and art lovers all the world over will journey to see for ages to come.

The collection was made by Henry Edwards Huntington, a wealthy railway magnate who began life as a poor boy. He began to collect only sixteen years ago, but it is already five years since he made a deed of trust leaving the collection and the building which houses it to the American nation on his death.

It was a New York bookseller, Mr. George Smith, who persuaded him to devote his time and fortune to this great collection, and placed a world-wide organisation at his disposal. Mr. Huntington bought up whole libraries in England and America as they fell into the market. He paid £10,000 for a Gutenberg Bible and £150,000 for Gainsborough's Blue Boy. It was he



The Slave Girl Then and Now. See page 7

who bought Sir Thomas Lawrence's Pinkie, Gainsborough's Cottage Door, and Reynolds' portrait of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse; and the collection has many Romneys, Turners, Raeburns, and Hoppners.

The library is particularly rich in examples of English literature up to the Commonwealth. There are over twenty volumes printed by Caxton, and a notable copy of the Canterbury Tales.

The new museum is right at the other side of America, at Pasadena, in Southern California, at the foot of Mount Wilson with its Solar Observatory and its tremendous telescope.

## HORSES TORN TO PIECES To Make a Spanish Holiday

Spain seems to be unable to give up the horror of her bull-ring. The spirit of this cruel place is so strong that it has been breaking the law in the presence of her King.

Some time ago General Primo de Rivera, the Dictator of Spain, issued a decree (which the King must have signed) that horses used in the bull-ring must be protected from the horns of the bulls, and experiments have been tried on several occasions since with various kinds of padded shields strapped round their bodies. These did not prevent the horses from being tossed in the air, but some of them, at any rate, did prevent the bull's horns from piercing the horses.

But the other day a special performance was held to raise money for new University buildings. The King was there with the Queen and two of their children. Nine bulls were killed. The horses were entirely unprotected, and several of them were torn to pieces before the great Spanish crowd. But nobody seemed to mind.

It is ages since the good monk Telemachus rushed into the Colosseum to protest against such infamies there, but Spain is still in its barbaric age. The first test of civilisation is the treatment of the weak by the strong, and cruelty to animals is one of the surest signs of a backward race.

## AKIN TO HIM WHO RIDES THE STORM

### The Man Who Rules the Wave

### ONE MORE WONDER OF OUR TIME

*For East is East and West is West  
In wireless the twain can meet.*

In a quiet room where outside sounds are dulled sits a man who controls the waves that echo round the world.

He is the electrician who directs the beam wireless. He turns a switch (click!) and the sounds of voice or musical instrument rush eastward with the speed of light.

Again he reverses the switch (click!) and the sounds born on the electrons speed across the western ocean, across the New World, and spend themselves on the coasts of Far Cathay.

This is one of the ways in which the beam wireless can accommodate itself to the changing conditions which night and day impose on the passage of the electric wave through space.

### Influence of the Sun

The Sun bombarding the Earth with electrons so alters the electrical state of the upper air that it influences the journey of electric waves sent out from stations on the Earth's surface. By some it is supposed that the waves are reflected in a greater or less degree by this electrified upper layer. But whatever may be the nature of this effect, it is certain that the short electric waves make an easier passage by going westward in the morning when the Sun is up, and by going eastward in the evening.

That is why the operator seeks to direct the waves either east or west, and the science that has found the reason and the means makes him akin to the leader who, in the poet's words, rides the whirlwind and directs the storm.

## THE 40,000 RUSH TO THE SOBRANJE

### An Amazing General Election RESTLESS BULGARIA

Forty thousand candidates in one general election! Surely it was a huge democracy that required so many?

But it was not. It was Bulgaria, and Bulgaria has little more than five million men, women, and children. The law provides that there shall be one seat in the Bulgarian Parliament, the Sobranje, to represent every 20,000 inhabitants, but the politicians provided 40,000 candidates, one for every 1301

Bulgaria's trouble is the lack of leaders in her political life, and in the absence of leadership everyone goes his own way.

But Bulgaria has come through it somehow, and has renewed the mandate of the present Prime Minister, M. Liaptcheff. His Government has many faults, but it is the best Bulgaria has had for a long time, making for peace abroad and recovery at home. Its renewal of power comes just when the long-continued military control of the Allies is at an end, a good augury, surely, for the future.

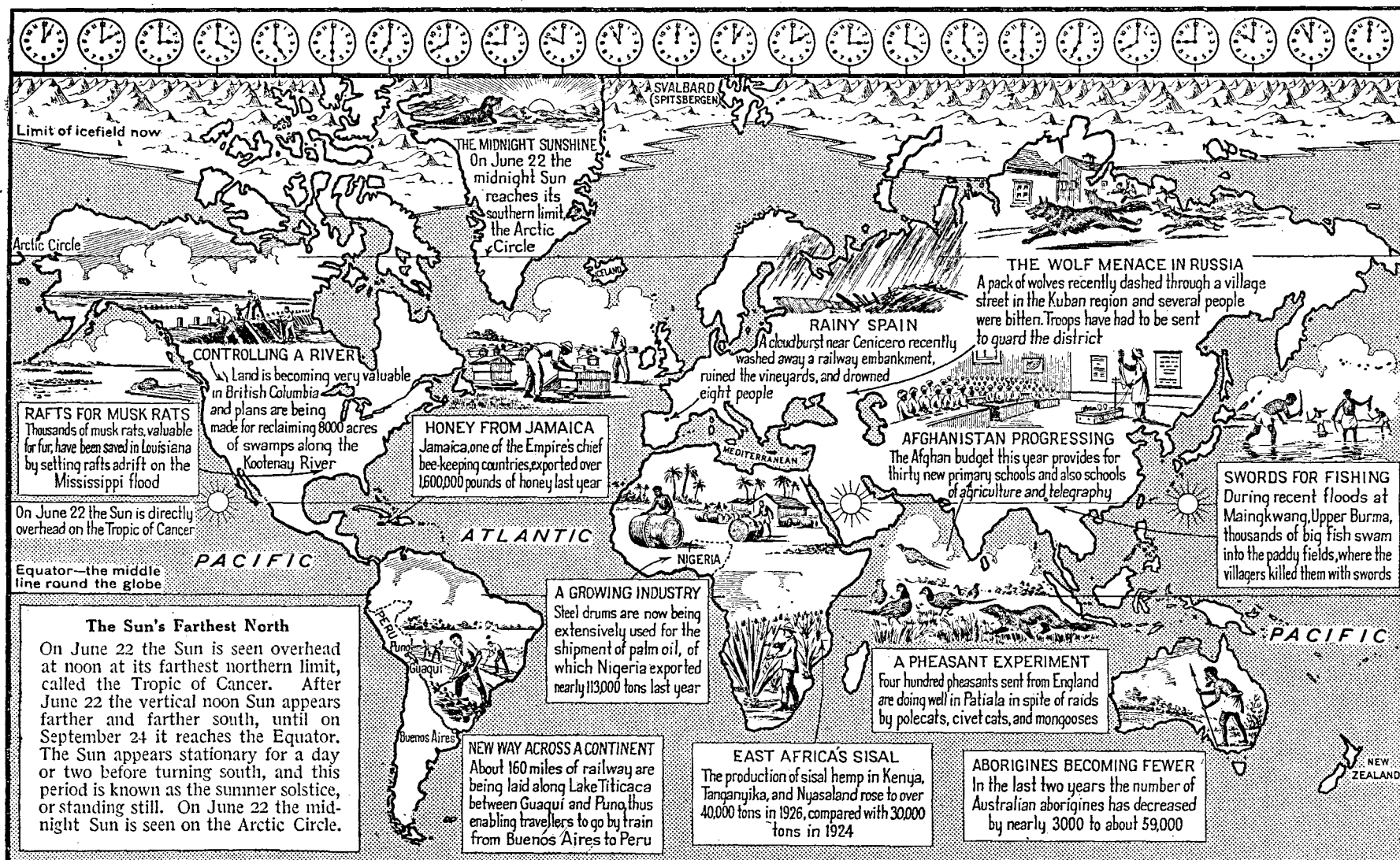
## ROLLING OVER ON A MOUNTAINSIDE

A very brave thing has been done by a young woman from Newcastle visiting the Lake District.

The girl, a Miss Wilson, was one of a party of ten who were climbing Robinson Fell, above the wild Newlands Valley. Suddenly a man lost his footing and began to roll down the shingly scree. Miss Wilson, who was below him, threw herself in front of him and, seizing hold of him, rolled over with him several times before she could stop him, so saving him from almost certain death.



## PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## 700,000 VICTIMS OF A RIVER

### Mississippi Flood Figures

#### A GREAT DISASTER AND ITS RELIEF FORCE

The Mississippi floods are over, and the American people are counting up their losses.

Over 700,000 people have been made homeless by them, and of these fully 600,000 are practically destitute. The Red Cross Society is spending over three million pounds for their relief, and the Government another million, while loans up to £400,000 have also been arranged.

Organised parties of boatmen, cowboys, men from the National Guard and the American Legion, rescued 40,000 people from positions of danger, and during the whole five weeks of the rescue work not half a dozen human lives were lost.

The total verified deaths all told were little more than a hundred, including those drowned, killed by accidents caused by the floods, and deaths from diseases due to exposure or overcrowding. Eighty refugee camps were organised, the largest having accommodation for 20,000. In these 340,000 refugees were cared for, while 250,000 more were fed elsewhere.

Relief proceeded in three stages. The rescue stage lasted about a week in each district as the floods swept southward. The exile stage lasted a month to six weeks. The reconstruction stage will last months, or even years. Houses must be rebuilt to take the place of tents; household goods, animals, and farm tools must be supplied, and widespread measures of sanitation must be taken to guard against disease.

And behind all that is the question of the prevention of future floods.

## EVERYBODY RIGHT

### But the Tree Comes Down

A lover of trees has been writing to The Times from Sevenoaks, where some lovely trees have been pulled down. The Act for town-planning is evidently not working well enough. We take this from the letter of Mr. C. R. Ashbee.

Some resident, wanting to have what is beautiful about him protected, sees a workman felling a fine tree on the edge of one of these innumerable new roads.

"Must this tree really go?" he asks. "It seems a pity, sir, there's no need for it. The road surveyor might save it. I've to carry out my orders."

He is right. The surveyor is approached. "There's no need at all," says he. "It could easily be arched at the roots or the line of the road adjusted. The council might order otherwise. I have to work to the line given." He is right.

The clerk of the council is approached. "Naturally we should save the trees where we can. The road may have been marked on the plan to a given width. Probably the members of council do not know about the matter." He is right.

The expert town-planner is approached who may have given the width. "My plan is only a suggestion as to where the roads should go. Such details are local matters. I report to the joint town-planning committee." He is right.

The chairman of the joint town-planning committee is approached. "We are not actually the authority, but obviously no council would permit trees or avenues to be cut down where they could be incorporated in the plan." He is right. They are all right.

But we, meanwhile, are losing our trees, and a lovely countryside is being transformed into a vulgar and unintelligent suburbia.

Clearly something is wrong when everybody is right and the tree comes down. We hope the matter will be seen to and the Act made of more service.

## A PLUMBER DOES A NOBLE THING

### Ernest Johnson, Hero

One of the odd little ideas of our time is that a plumber is always a comic character or a bad character, a man who cannot mend a leak. Perhaps some of us will make fun of plumbers no more when we have read of Ernest Johnson.

Ernest Johnson is a plumber and lives in Bellow Street, Ardwick. Some time ago he and his mate were working in an excavation, and there was a fall of earth which buried them both. Rescuers freed Johnson's head quickly and they could have got him out, but that might have imperilled the other man. So Johnson volunteered to stay where he was, and for eight hours he supported the fall of earth on his shoulders while long and elaborate preparations were made to get the other man out without causing a further disturbance of the loose soil.

In the end they succeeded, but if they had failed Johnson would probably have been buried alive with his mate. Only a man of high courage and great endurance could have done this thing instead of snatching at the first chance of safety. It is good to hear that the Mayor of Salford has just presented this brave plumber with a cheque and the Carnegie Hero Fund Certificate.

It seems that we shall have to find a new figure to poke fun at now. Let us give the plumber a rest and look for a whipping boy among air pilots, wireless announcers, or saxophone players.

## Pronunciations in This Paper

Antigua . . . . .	Ahn-tee-gwah
Buluwayo . . . . .	Boo-loo-wah-yo
Douai . . . . .	Doo-a
Linnaeus . . . . .	Lin-nee-us
Palladio . . . . .	Pahl-lah-de-o
Quassia . . . . .	Kwosh-e-yah
Telemachus . . . . .	Te-lam-ah-kus

## THE RUSSIAN FOLLY

### Locking the Stable Door

#### BOLSHEVIK WARNING TO TRADERS

It is well to lock the stable door even after the horse has been stolen if there are still other horses for the thieves to take.

For that reason it is satisfactory to learn that the Russian Government has decreed that in future the country's trading representatives abroad are to leave politics to its Ambassadors, who are to see that their work is carried on in accordance with the laws of the countries in which they live. What a pity that rule was not made before Britain was driven to send away the Trade Delegation for meddling with British affairs!

It seems that a struggle is now going on in Moscow between the moderate people who want to develop Russian trade and need friendly relations to enable them to do so and the extremists who care for nothing but rousing revolutions everywhere. The moderate people are trying to restore confidence abroad so that other peoples shall be ready to develop trade with Russia. Right across these efforts come the intrigues and conspiracies of the extremists, producing distrust and uncertainty where confidence is needed.

It is because the Russian Trade Delegation has been shown to be concerning itself with promoting revolution, and securing secret information about our military, naval, and air defences instead of devoting itself to trade, that we have had to send it away.

It is certain that the breach between the two countries at this moment is a sad setback to the hopes raised by Russia's appearance at Geneva, and adds to the world's anxieties, and we must hope the grave injury to Russia's interests may awaken such public opinion as there is in Russia and enable the moderates to prevail.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JUNE 18 1927

## Second-Raters

A VERY important statement was made the other day by the Bishop of Salisbury. He was speaking about the great and splendid country of South Africa, a country full of opportunities for romance and adventure, and he said that one thing the Church must do at once is "to awaken the conscience of England in regard to the young men they were sending abroad."

Every young Englishman who goes abroad is an ambassador of his country. He either raises the renown of his nation or lowers it. He either draws other men to trust his country or repels them with scorn for a country that can produce so base and feeble a creature. He can never live to himself. Always he must represent England.

This is a matter which should be taken up by every school. Too many of our people get it into their heads that morality is something recommended to them for their own personal safety and advancement in the world. They are not taught that it is the high road of progress, and that along this road they must go, whatever happens to them on the journey, if they would serve the great cause of God and Man.

We believe that if every Englishman in South Africa had the spirit of Livingstone South Africa would not be "a land of burning questions," and that the Bishop of Pretoria would not have to make the terrible statement that "it is no good pretending that our little white colony is converted to sharing the Gospel with the nations."

Let our children be taught, boys and girls alike, that if they go abroad they have it in their power to do one of the very greatest things in the world—to make the unity of the British Empire not merely a political expression but a spiritual fact, and we should create in our midst a real enthusiasm for migration and for civilising the great native races of dark lands.

This was one of the most earnest of Carlyle's dreams. He longed to see armies of young people from these British Islands going out into new worlds with the sturdy qualities of British character in their keeping. And we have only to think for a moment to realise that the British Empire must fall asunder and perish if we send into its farthest fields, to live among native populations, low-minded, ignorant, and selfish people whose only aim is to make money.

It is time that every one of us realised that what we call morality is the safeguard of the most precious traditions of our country. If England does not stand for Christianity it stands for something that Christianity will overthrow.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## Over a Garden Wall

SOMEBODY who has been trying to describe the proud qualities of the Northumbrian character has fallen back on a famous incident in fiction.

A certain man, he reminds us, jumping over a garden wall which did not belong to him, found himself in a melon frame. The first thing he did when he had extricated himself from the broken glass was to rush at the owner of the melon frame and subject the unfortunate man to severe and instant punishment.

This reminds us of an Irishman who was being flogged for a crime and kept on laughing uncontrollably at every stroke. At last someone asked him, "What are you laughing at?" "Hush!" cried the Irishman, struggling for a moment not to laugh; "they've got hold of the wrong man!"



Friends

We gave one good example of the poster the other day. Here is another, issued by a society for befriending animals

## Look and Leap

SUMMER is a-coming in, and the newspapers tell us that this year we are to have a regular festival of sport, something that will take the shine out of all previous summers.

"Good!" But let us drop the hint that summer is an opportunity for looking about us as well as for keeping fit by games and sports. The life of action is, of course, the popular life. Everyone wants to be doing something, and no one is so much ridiculed or condemned as the loafer. All the same, it is no bad thing to remind ourselves of Seneca's great saying that "contemplation is a kind of action." How many people live such tremendously active and busy lives that they never really see the world in which they live! The wise life is that in which activity and observation are perfectly balanced.

So we suggest that this summer we should practise the two kinds of action: the action of the body and the action of the mind. Instead of the old maxim *Look before you leap*, let us say *Look as well as leap*.

## Both Right

WE want our policy based on a meeting of minds, not of guns and bayonets.

President of U.S.A.

Our policy is based on confidence between Governments and peoples, not on the power of guns and bayonets.

Chancellor of Germany

## Tip-Cat

THE new paper frocks will cost only two shillings each. Careful housewives think they will be ripping.

MESOPOTAMIA is to have an income tax. Everything comes to those who wait 5000 years.

AN old man claims to have been bell-ringing for thirty-six years. Why didn't he try the knocker?

UNIVERSAL adoption of English would, we are told, establish world-peace.

There could be no wrangling if the world had only one tongue.

DRAPERS are demanding a daily newspaper. For their leading articles.

SOCIOLOGISTS complain that they cannot find the average man. He is probably a cricketer.

WE could take an interest in hens, writes an essayist, if they purred like cats. And even get excited over them if they laughed like hyenas.

TENNIS courts are at present plagued with midges. The nets there are the wrong sort to catch them.

A LONDON taxi-driver has knocked down the same man twice. He had heard, perhaps, that one good turn deserves another.

A FEMINE Roman shoe has been dug up from the mud of the Wallbrook River in London. Someone must have put her foot in it.

## The Road to London

ONE American traveller at least has paid back the beauty of our English lanes. This is what Mary Sinton Leitch wrote on reaching home.

The road from Lyne to London  
When Sussex downs are green  
As velvet made of fairy moss  
To deck a fairy queen,  
Runs gay past many a hawthorn hedge  
Along a river's windy edge  
Where gold laburnums lean.

When Jenny went to London,  
On every fragrant gust  
Of wind was borne a blackbird's song,  
And daffodillies thrust  
Their dainty heads through pasture bars  
To see who danced beneath the stars  
Down to the city's dust.

Peter Puck  
Wants to KnowIf fence-  
makers trade  
by gate post

## Bob's Way

The traffic problem is ever with us, and traffic in London is slowing down for summer. A C.N. reader sends us this story of how his dog slowed many of us down the other day.

BOB is a sharp-witted, cheery terrier, wire-haired and sturdy; as quick as a cat, and always out for fun. Like many other house dogs, he has formed the habit of playing with his biscuit—not his main meal, but the supplementary hard ration which he gets every evening—and lately he has developed a trick of rushing round and round it at full speed, barking furiously, with his muzzle close to it all the time, and evidently enjoying the game.

Bob's mistress often takes him on shopping errands, and he has many friends among the tradesmen. One Saturday morning not long ago the two went to pay a round of visits to several shops in the town. The narrow High Street was crowded, and even Bob found it difficult to dodge the traffic on the pavements; while crossing the road, with a stream of motors passing up and down with hardly a check, was a great adventure.

## War Dance in the Road

At the butcher's a stroke of luck befel him. While his mistress was giving her orders one of the salesmen quietly handed him a juicy bone, and a happy thought struck him. Motors were a nuisance, slipping along as quietly as a cat and hooting after the danger was over. Why not give the drivers something to think about?

So Bob watched his chance, and, darting out into the roadway, laid his bone exactly in the middle and began his war dance. Brakes went on obediently, and cars steered carefully past the raging fury, whose queer behaviour made everyone stop and smile.

When the game was over and the lesson had been learned, Bob slipped back to the pavement to his waiting mistress as if he had just collected the bone and wanted to show it to her. And she, having watched the performance with an anxious look on her face, thought it best to assume ignorance of the whole disgraceful proceedings. But at heart she was rather proud of Bob's cleverness, and on the way home Bob, trotting soberly by her side with the big bone in his mouth, knew that all was well.

## Uncle Parr

Sir Robert Parr has given up his work as head of the N.S.P.C.C.

A child was seen at prayer, her curly head  
Uplifted; there she knelt beside the bed,  
And God bless Uncle Parr was what she said.

One of the thousands saved from sheer despair,  
Redeemed from misery to love and care,  
Nightly she offers up her little prayer.

The children's name for him is dearer far  
To him than any other titles are,  
The little, tender name of Uncle Parr.



## THIS FREEDOM A SLAVE GIRL'S DRAMATIC APPEARANCE

The Ring that Wedded Her  
to Liberty 67 Years Ago  
—SOLD IN A CHURCH

There was a dramatic appearance at some anniversary celebrations at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, the other day.

In the days of the anti-slavery agitation before the Civil War there was a slave sale in this church. The auctioneer was the famous Henry Ward Beecher, brother of the author of Uncle Tom's Cabin, and he sold a slave girl for £200—sold her into freedom. A member of the congregation put a valuable ring in the plate, and Mr. Beecher slipped it on the girl's finger, saying, "With this ring I thee wed to freedom."

The girl married. Her Negro husband became a prosperous lawyer in Washington, and she is now a grandmother.

### Born a Slave

She came the other day to the anniversary services of the church in which she was sold 67 years ago. Three of the original contributors to the cost of this freedom were at the anniversary, and they must have thought it well worth the price.

Outside Plymouth Church is a statue of Henry Ward Beecher, with the figure of the slave girl he sold in the church so long ago; and it was one of the most interesting sights ever seen in Brooklyn when the slave girl, now grown up into a useful citizen, stood by this statue the other day. What a story thrilled through her mind as she stood there!

As a girl the slave was known as Pinky, but her real name was not nearly so pretty; it was Sally Maria Diggs. She was born a slave in Maryland, although her father was a white man, and when she was seven her mother and two brothers were sold to a slave dealer. She has never seen or heard of them since.

### Hiring Her Grandchildren

But she had a splendid old Negro grandmother who became more than a mother to her. Soon the grandmother and six grandchildren, Sally among them, were sold in their turn to another slave dealer in Baltimore. But the grandmother had saved some money, and with this she bought her own freedom and hired her grandchildren from their new owner! In Baltimore the six worked hard in the hope of saving money to buy the freedom of the others. They washed clothes, made shirts, and baked bread and cakes, but always with the fear before them of a return to slavery for the grandchildren.

Then the grandmother heard how Mr. Beecher was stirring the people of Brooklyn to work for the abolition of slavery. She knew a man in Washington whose brother was a member of the Brooklyn congregation, and she asked him if he thought the Brooklyn people would help her to set Sally free. The result we know. Sally's owner wanted £200 for her, but the congregation subscribed £400. The collection plates were heaped with jewellery.

### Sally Rechristened

The lady who threw her ring on to the plate was Rose Terry, a well-known author, and it was after this lady and Mr. Beecher that Sally was rechristened Rose Ward, to give her a new start in life. For a time she lived quietly with a Brooklyn family, and then went to Washington, where she took a University course and became a teacher till her marriage; and for 45 years now, as Mrs. James Hunt, she has striven to help the women of her race.

At the University she came to know its President, Dr. Stanley Durkee, who a year ago became the new minister at Brooklyn. But it was only quite recently that he discovered that she was the Pinky of the famous sale, and it was at his urgent invitation that she agreed to come to the anniversary celebrations.

## WHY DO THE BIRDS LOVE MANCHESTER?

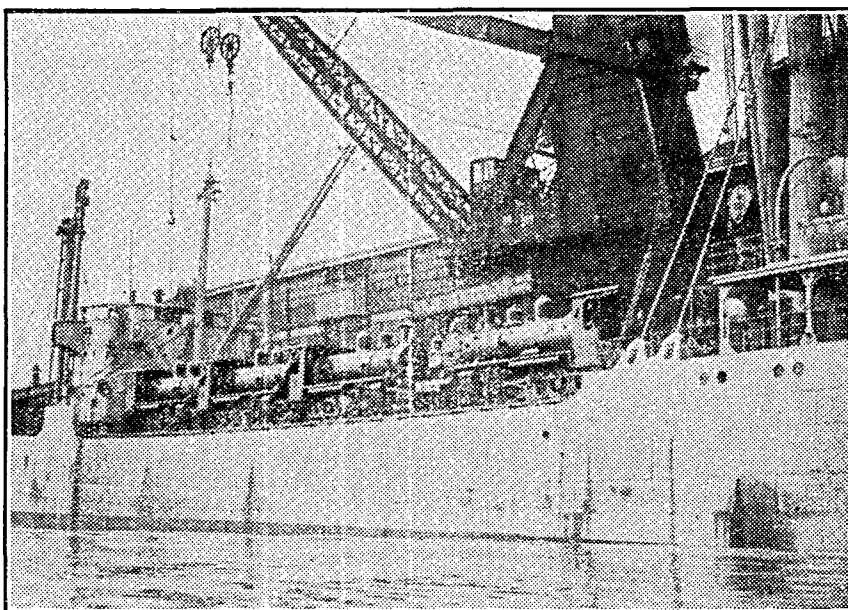
A LONDONER has been making merry because a Manchester newspaper had been commiserating the swifts which, coming from the sunshine and warmth of Africa, had plunged into the chilly gloom of a Manchester week-end. Why, he asked, should a swift go to Manchester when it has all the rest of the country to choose from?

But the Manchester man has the right answer. Manchester is a bird sanctuary from end to end, from Cheetham Hill to Whalley Range and beyond on either side, and swifts and larks and nightingales may nest there without fear or favour. A coot might nest on the Irwell, or a bittern boom on the Ship Canal, without fear of the gun. In London, however, it is different. Larks

appear in the steak-and-oyster pudding of Fleet Street, or, at any rate, the bill of fare claims that they do. (We hope no writer for the C.N. eats them.) Plover's eggs are also shamelessly exposed for sale. Doubtless, says the Manchester man, the Londoner would eat swifts if he could catch them.

We think Manchester has it. The Londoner certainly seems to get the worst of the repartee. But he might say that the pigeons have learned that his city is the most friendly in the world, that the gulls come to it to be fed in the winter and a dozen of them stay all the summer, and the writer of this apology has seen a hawk hovering over Piccadilly Circus and a heron at Blackfriars last spring.

## ENGLISH ENGINES FOR AUSTRALIA



The engines on the ship's deck



A view from the bridge of the ship

The motor-vessel Belray has sailed from Newcastle-on-Tyne with a cargo of twenty-six railway locomotives for Queensland, Australia. Here we see how some of the engines were packed on the deck of the ship

The church was crowded with three thousand people as Mrs. Hunt rose on the flower-decked platform to tell of her gratitude for what that church had done for her so many years before. Outside were strings of motor-cars, as there had been strings of carriages, the old sexton remembered, when Ward Beecher held his sale; and among the congregation was a generous sprinkling of Negroes.

The former slave girl is a little grey-haired woman, with a look of quiet contentment on her face. She said she had always regarded her freedom and her education as a trust reposed in her, and had tried to shape her life in keeping with such confidence. She had found, as others have found, that service was the highest expression of love.

She had been asked, she said, what she thought of the future of her people. She found in each new generation an increasing thirst for knowledge. They were steadily learning self-reliance. She

had seen such remarkable successes in individuals in the face of terrible difficulties as to make her believe that they were the vanguard of a vast host who would not be left behind in the march of civilisation.

Mrs. Hunt told her friends afterwards that the only time she had been to Brooklyn in those 67 years was once, forty years ago, when she came to see Mr. Beecher. The reason she did not come again, she said, was because she was ashamed. "I feel I should have made something more of my life when I was given such a good start. That is why I haven't returned in all these years. I was ashamed." Those who know her work do not think she has any need to be ashamed.

Mrs. Hunt still treasures the bill of sale which made her free, but she no longer has Rose Terry's ring. She gave it to her daughter, who took it out one day and lost it! Portraits on page 4

## AT THE COURT OF KING CRICKET

THE WAY OF A JOYOUS  
GAME

The One Sure Tonic for All-  
Round Team Play

### DR. GRACE'S RECIPE

The present cricket season had not been long in progress before we all discovered that the slight reduction in the size of the ball sanctioned by the M.C.C. had not made a particle of difference to the scoring. On firm wickets scores have been mounting up as monotonously as billiard breaks by Reece.

So ingenuity is taxed once more in devising alterations in the laws to do something to equalise attack and defence, and enable us to avoid the absurdity of too many drawn games.

### What Every Man Should Be

Increase the height and width of the wicket, narrow the bat, set a time-limit to each side's innings, fix a point in the score at which the batting side must put the opposition in—these are some of the suggestions once more repeated within the past few weeks. The M.C.C. stands unmoved; it is, fortunately, like the British Constitution, placidly indifferent to folly and panic outcry.

Cricketers know that the fault is not in the game, but in the way it is played. *Every man should be an all-rounder, not a specialist in one phase of the game.* Boys are not unnaturally fascinated by the batting of Hobbs, Sutcliffe, Hallows, Sandham, Shepherd, and other heavy scorers; but the interests of the game will be better served if they take for their models such fully-equipped cricketers as Wyatt of Warwickshire, Tate, Hammond, George Brown, Kennedy, Hearne, Rhodes, Jupp, and others who bowl as well as they bat, and whose fielding is beyond reproach.

### The Doctor's Great Prescription

These men can get runs at any time, can save runs in the field, and can break down the stiffest opposition from batsmen. They have trained themselves to play cricket as a whole, not to do one single thing and remain incompetent as to the rest.

The Champion of all time, Dr. W. G. Grace, with his 51,000 runs, his 3000 wickets, and his unexcelled skill in the field, prescribed a tonic for infirm cricket as happily as he could prescribe for infirm physique, and if we would follow his bidding we might all imitate the methods which made him and his great contemporaries pre-eminent. Simply put, it was that we should make practice a mimic match.

### Practice Makes Perfect

We take 16 players into the field and play for four hours, thus giving 15 minutes to every man in every department of the game, including umpiring and scoring. Thus, with three men to umpire and score, two at the wickets, and eleven in the field, each man bats for 15 minutes at each wicket, no matter how often out; every man fields 15 minutes in each place, and every man bowls for 15 minutes from each end. That was his ideal, and it cannot be bettered. Every man in the team can do a little of everything.

Dr. Grace's plan is the one sure way to improve our cricket, to make catching contagious, picking-up certain, returns quick and accurate, and to give a side seven or eight bowlers of knowledge and ability instead of two overworked slaves of the ball and two change bowlers who simply invite batsmen to improve their own averages.

Cricket is the noblest of games, and it is worth a little practice to make us proficient in all its delightful phases.



## SOMETHING NEW FOR US

### IMPORTING IDEAS

Is the Tide of Invention Passing From Us?

#### WHERE WE ARE BACKWARD

Dr. W. H. Eccles, President of the Institution of Electrical Engineers, has been pointing out that Britain is now importing a larger number of inventions than she originates.

It is certainly food for thought. It does seem that the great tide of British inventive genius, which suddenly appeared at the end of the eighteenth century and continued to flow into the nineteenth, has largely subsided.

Britain gave the world the steam engine, the locomotive, the railway, textile machinery, and many other initial and epoch-making inventions. We find, however, that in the main inventions of recent years Britain no longer figures as she used to do.

#### Notable Foreign Inventions

We have only to name artificial silk, the internal combustion engine (which made motoring and flying possible), the motorship, the aeroplane, the typewriter, the piano-player, and the gramophone to remind ourselves how much we owe in our everyday lives to foreign ideas.

Or we may consider our backwardness in applying electrical energy to the coal and other industries of our country, and compare it with electrical enterprise in some other countries.

What is the explanation? Dr. Eccles is probably right when he points to our neglect of education and research. Modern invention has become a matter of taking infinite pains in research. If a man is to invent something new he must first submit himself to a long and arduous training to understand what has been accomplished. With that as a basis he must try and try and try again, and it may be years before he discovers a new path.

#### The Need for Research

It is not a matter of conceiving a brilliant idea while shaving. New paths have been opened, and he who will not submit himself to careful training and intensive intellectual development has no chance to add to the inventions which contribute to the usefulness of work.

Let us consider some striking figures given by Dr. Eccles. He tells us that of the American electrical patents one in eight are foreign; of the German one quarter are foreign; but of British electrical patents three out of five are foreign. As this great authority puts it, "Necessity is said to be the mother of invention, but research is certainly its father, and technical education a grandparent."

## THE DOG AND THE BAG OF SUGAR

A well-known scientific observer sends us this note on one of his dogs.

The writer has two dogs, an Airedale and a fox terrier, and the fox terrier, like most dogs, is very fond of sugar. He is a great pet, and every evening a lump of sugar is put in his basket when he comes in from his walk. The sugar is kept in a yellow bag, a fact which the terrier has not failed to notice.

A few mornings ago one of the maids was taking down and dusting a yellow silk shade from over an electric light, and was amused to see Micky following her movements very closely, at intervals sitting up and begging with his eyes on the shade. For some time she could not understand why he did this, and then it dawned on her that he had mistaken the yellow shade for the yellow bag in which his sugar is kept.

There seems no doubt that this was indeed the case, and it shows that the dog recognises colour but was unable to distinguish between the electric light shade and the sugar bag.

## MRS. CANARY DOES HER BIT

We have just had a delightful story of a canary from a sea captain who is shy and begs us not to give his name. The canary was shy too.

The skipper's chief officer had always longed to have a singing bird. One day, when the vessel put in at Teneriffe, he saw a man selling canaries warranted to sing "to beat the band," and he bought one. When he went aboard with the cage there was considerable excitement among the crew, who presently took turns at listening outside the chief officer's cabin to hear the music. Never a note did they hear.

In the meantime the skipper and his mate had had a little argument. The skipper knew a good deal about birds, and he said that the officer had been cheated into buying a hen bird, and everyone knows that hen birds leave it to their husbands to burst into song!

#### After Ten Days

The mate refused to accept the verdict. For ten days he did his best to make the canary sing; putting her out in the sunshine and feeding her with titbits. The skipper laughed, and the crew, who dared not laugh, christened the canary Madame Galli-Curci, and made sarcastic remarks to her about her repertoire. The canary heard it all and said nothing, being shy.

Ten days passed by thus. Madame Galli-Curci seemed cheerful enough, but not a note would she sing. Then the chief officer thought it was just as well to cut his losses. In the middle of his watch one night he had a bright idea, and he laughed aloud to the rolling stars. The next day a notice was pinned up to the effect that the chief officer's singing canary, known as Madame Galli-Curci, was to be sold by auction, the proceeds to be devoted to the Shaftesbury Society's Cripple Children Fund. "You won't get one bid," said the captain. "Wait and see," said the mate.

#### Shyer Than Ever

It happened that the chief engineer had the greatest gift of all the ship's company for making speeches, and he nobly offered to be auctioneer. The hour of the sale came, and a delighted audience faced the man who had a hammer in one hand and Madame Galli-Curci's cage in the other.

The canary could not think what was happening to her. She became shyer than ever and went from corner to corner of her cage. Then she became aware of a beautiful speech being made by the chief engineer, whom she had always privately liked very much. He was explaining that the canary might be a dud, but the Cripple Children Fund was not a dud, and England Expects Every Man to keep it going. Only the officers and crew of that vessel know how eloquent their chief engineer can be.

#### The Auction Song

The bidding started at last, and went by slow and most poetical stages from one shilling up to three. Then Madame Galli-Curci, roused by the chief engineer's ringing tones, and stung by the insult offered to her in being described as a dud, stopped preening her feathers and burst into song!

The skipper, who is a great mathematician, hauled out his watch and declared afterwards that the canary sang for over a minute. During that time the bidding ran high, and just as Madame Galli-Curci ceased her song on a clear and tender trill, the engineer's voice rang out "Going at ten shillings! Going, going, gone!"

The new owner of Madame Galli-Curci was the second engineer. He is a sad man today, for the canary has never sung since.

We hope our Shaftesbury Society friends will tell the story to the Cripple Children; their merry laughter will be sweeter than the canary's auction song.

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



### Gathered by

The Cunard liner Aquitania has now steamed a million miles. She has crossed the Atlantic 200 times.

The ratepayers of Whitby have voted against a decision of the local Council to permit the playing of Sunday games.

Over £5000 more was taken in London dog licences last year than the year before, 245,000 being issued.

#### The Ball and the Box

At Iscoed, in North Wales, a cricket ball, striking a man's leg, ignited a box of matches in his pocket.

#### The Cat at the Concert

Much amusement was caused during a musical festival at Buxton by a cat chasing a mouse round the platform.

#### Scouting in Albania

At the invitation of the Albanian Government, Mr. Arthur Gaddum has gone to Albania to help to organise Scouting there.

#### The First Inhabitants

Two blackbirds built a nest and reared a family in the kitchen of an unfinished house which was being erected by the Bangor Corporation.

#### Horses on Strike

When a battery of artillery reached Folkestone to go into camp the horses refused to move, and motor-tractors had to be brought to replace them.

#### An Interesting Old Lady

An old lady has died in Devon whose father was descended from Sir Walter Raleigh, and whose mother was a daughter of Nelson's sister.

#### American Scouts to Visit England

A party of sixteen American Eagle Scouts from Pennsylvania will visit England in July. Landing at Plymouth, they will do a five-weeks tramp through the southern counties to London.

#### The Electric Horn

A motor-car locked in a Winchester garage caught fire through the fusing of its wires. Thereupon its electric horn began to sound and continued to do so till the car was burned out. The alarm saved the building.

## INDIA'S LITTLE ONES

### A Great Campaign to Save Them

One of the most prominent influences of Christian missions in India is the new outlook toward women on the part of men and the desire for a freer and fuller life among the women themselves.

Against the prejudices of Hindu priests who have held the mind of Indian women in captivity for several centuries the progressive women of today are now demanding that the Government of India should pass a law against the marriage of girls below the age of 16. It is a tragic thing to realise that thousands of Hindu girls are mothers at 12. The consequence is the birth of weak children and a high infant mortality. One of the leading social reformers in India says that one child out of every three born dies before it is twelve months old. He points out that both sides of the railway track from Bombay to Calcutta could be covered with graves of the infants who die in India in their first year.

We wish the Indian reformers, men and women, every good wish in their present campaign.

### In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A painting by Murillo . . .	£4200
A portrait by Raphael . . .	£3255
A portrait by Van Dyck . . .	£2047
A map of 1589 . . .	£510
1st-century black stone figure . .	£310
12 old Worcester plates . . .	£289
A crown piece dated 1663 . . .	£250
3 Chelsea vases and covers . . .	£231
Swift's Gulliver's Travels, 1st ed.	£105

## HEROISM OF TWO MOTHER DUCKS

Surprises in the Animal World

### FATE OF A GULL AND TWO SPARROWS

Someone in Scotland saw a strange sight the other day on one of the lochs of Argyllshire.

A wild duck was swimming proudly at the head of her seven young ones, all in single file, when a black-back gull, known as the sea-hawk, suddenly swooped down and made off with one of the ducklings. This it did five times. On its sixth swoop it found no babies, for the remaining two were tucked under their mother's wings, but it found something it did not at all expect; it found a Tartar. For the mother duck seized the marauding gull by the neck, gave a twist to that neck, and held the gull's head under water until it was drowned. Then, with her two babies in her wake, the mother duck swam away, wagging her tail, as well she might.

### Puppy Goes Marching Home

A similar incident on a much less heroic scale happened by the lake in Richmond Park the other day. A wild duck and her brood were picking up food thrown to them by passers-by when some sparrows dashed in and seized it. Two of them were seized by the mother duck and dragged into the lake, where she held them down and drowned them one by one. Other sparrows that remained were forced to retreat without their tail feathers.

Soon afterwards a puppy came gambolling up, and the resourceful mother had fresh tactics with which to meet this new danger. With a great quacking she ran off, trailing one of her wings on the ground. Thinking her wounded, the puppy sprang after her, leaving the ducklings in safety. The mother duck then turned upon him and gave him some sharp blows on the nose which sent him scuttling back to his master.

## SMOKING AND THE EYES

### A Word of Advice

When you have an inflamed eye do not sit in a room where smoking is going on.

Some doctors have been talking about the effect of tobacco smoking on eyesight, and that is one of the pieces of advice they give.

The doctors also say that the most serious result of smoking is a failure of sight, beginning with failure to distinguish between reds and greens. The trouble is that non-smokers, as well as the smokers themselves, may be affected in this way.

## C.N. BIRTHDAY FUND

### Ninth List

We give below a list of a few more contributions to the C.N. Birthday Fund on behalf of the Little Folks Convalescent Home at Bexhill. The total sum received is £499.

£1 1s. Hullensian. £1 0s. 6d. Dorothy Bishop, Victoria, British Columbia. £1. Napier Road Girls' School, Gillingham. 10s. Mona Smith, Switzerland; Girls' County School, Barry; Mother Anne, Rhodesia; A Teacher, Edmonton; Some of the Pupils, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil; Mrs. Sheila and Master Rowley, Cottesloe Beach, West Australia; Marie Mucelle, Yvonne, Daniel, and Gillian Bayly, Cordoba, Buenos Aires. 8s. Anon, Bucharest. 7s. 6d. Allan Donald, Basil Shaw, and Denis Tucker, South Africa; 68th Sheffield Company of Girl Guides (White Rose Patrol), Sheffield. 5s. St. Mary's Central School, Jersey; James Taylor and Daughters, Wangan Hill, West Australia; Anon, Johannesburg; Muse and Boy, Barry; Evelyn Bland, London; A Mother, Bournemouth; Eric and Robert Varvill, Bulawayo, S. Rhodesia; Clare. 4s. Mrs. Bowring, Goudhurst; Anon. 3s. Blanche Beatty, British Columbia. 2s. 6d. Miss M. V. MacAndrew, Antigua; T. R. Manning, S. Joseph; Joan Stafford, Northampton; Mr. R. C. Beeley, Calcutta; Mr. F. Hurdman, Bolton; Well-wisher, Smallburgh; Maevae MacManus, London; Mortlake Junior Mixed School, Standard IV, London; X, Ealing; C.N. Reader, Leith; Two C.N. Readers, Callander; Frances Nasmith, Longhope, Cape Province; Alice Miners, Port Elizabeth; George H. Burdett, Adelaide, South Australia.



## THE GOOD CAT OF SAINT MARY

### An Example for Us All THIRTEEN YEARS AT CHURCH

We gave the other day the story of a cat that goes to church every Sunday; this is the story of a much more famous cat that sets us all a good example.

The people of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, have a wonderful example before them in the matter of church attendance. Their tabby cat has not missed one service for thirteen years.

If this had happened in an earlier century superstitious people would have known exactly what to say. Here we have a tabby cat of unknown origin who wandered into the church one night fourteen years ago. He has lived in the building ever since; has never been seen to speak to another cat; sits every Sunday in the nave where he can have a good view of the clergy and the choir; and very rarely meows. He is neither a mouser nor a ratter, and obviously he has an ear for music.

#### A Creature of Habit

We can imagine all kinds of stirring scenes had this been 1527 instead of 1927. But happily we know that pussy is just the cat that walks alone and has become the creature of habit, very much like anyone else.

When he came into the church the first time, rubbing his arched back against the pillars as if to say "Please somebody be nice to me," the late verger thought he had better be driven away at once, as a church was hardly a place for cats. But the vicar thought he looked hungry, and suggested a saucer of milk. Pussy said *Thank you* in his own English way; just as if he had been French he would have meowed *J'y suis, j'y reste*.

It is hoped he will live a long time, because the congregation are very fond of him and like to know their queer tabby cat is there. On one occasion he much resented the action of a visitor who, thinking he had strayed in by mistake, put him outside. Sometimes he takes a little walk during the service to stretch his legs, and perhaps to have a look at his friends.

#### The Only Thing He Loves

It is pleasant to think of this soft-footed creature passing down among hundreds of people, with his indifferent, aloof air, all the time confident of a welcome wherever he should choose to stop. He is glad to see people come and glad to see them go, being the cat that walks alone. He knows that after service someone will give him some food.

In the winter he sleeps in the stoke-hole and in the summer in the churchyard; but he spends all the day wandering about the building, sometimes enjoying a quiet sleep close to the hot-water pipe in the Lady Chapel, which is the only thing he really allows himself to love.

## MOTHER BRITAIN

### Settling Her Children's Quarrels

More and more the grown-up daughters of Britain are living their independent lives, but there is one direction in which they look more and not less for their mother's aid. That is when their own children fall out among themselves.

What is known as the Judicial Committee of the King's Privy Council has ever-increasing work in hearing appeals from the decisions of the highest courts in the Dominions. British citizens of all races and climes know that at Westminster they may be sure of absolute justice based on an impartial hearing and ripe wisdom and knowledge.

For the recent sittings of the Judicial Committee there has been a list of 28 appeals, one from Nigeria, one from Ceylon, one from China, two from the Gold Coast and from Australia, four from Canada, and 17 from India.

## ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN ART

### The Man Who Planned a New Whitehall

Inigo Jones died on June 21, 1652.

In June, 1652, there died in London an old man of 79 who is remembered as one of the two great architects of a great period. His name was Inigo Jones. He was born while Elizabeth was on the throne, and he was over seventy when Christopher Wren, who was to succeed him in greatness, was still a student, devouring all the mathematics and science that came his way.

The architecture of England in the days of Elizabeth and James was already touched with the Renaissance principles that were coming over from France and Italy and superseding the Gothic. The Late Tudor style was really a blend of Gothic and Renaissance. A great many halls and schools and country houses rose in these reigns, like Burghley House, Hatfield House, the Middle Temple Hall, London. They are marked by the oriel, mullion, and bay windows and by lovely interior carvings and panellings.

#### Influence of Palladio

The real Italian Renaissance was brought to England by Inigo, who went to Italy just about the time Elizabeth was nearing her end. There, studying landscape and painting, Inigo fell under the influence of a man called Palladio, who had died when the Englishman was a boy of seven. Palladio founded a school of architecture and wrote his opinions on new and old architecture in four famous books which have been of greatest use to students ever since.

Inigo came back to England dreaming dreams of setting up the dignified parts of the later classic Renaissance in the grey and green of seventeenth-century London. He was a man of great gifts; designed theatre settings for plays, arranged Ben Jonson's masques, and was known at this time as a painter. Some years later he was made Surveyor-General of royal buildings and his career as an architect began.

#### The Famous Banqueting House

His dreams were only fulfilled in part. He and his assistant John Webb changed the face of London; but the two vast works he planned, which would have been counted among the treasures of Europe, were suspended owing to the Civil War. These were Whitehall Palace and the Royal Hospital at Greenwich.

All he was able to finish of Whitehall Palace was the Banqueting House, now the United Services Museum. The front is one of the most superb pieces of architecture in Europe. The street of Whitehall runs over part of the ground where Whitehall Palace was planned to rise. We can guess from the fragment and the plan something of the grandeur of the whole.

#### York Water Gate

At Greenwich the Queen's House was all that Jones was allowed to fulfil of his magnificent plan. After the Restoration his assistant Webb carried out another block, and Wren and other architects in the eighteenth century finished the great mass of buildings.

Inigo Jones planned and executed an enormous mass of work. He laid out the first two of London's squares, Lincoln's Inn Fields and Covent Garden, and designed a great many country houses. A very fine bit of architecture often forgotten, the York Water Gate of the Thames, is one of his bequests to London. In Covent Garden he built the church of St. Paul.

A great deal of the dignity of the Georgian houses and squares of London can be traced to the influence of Inigo Jones. His followers could not copy the large fling of his designs or his genius for proportion, but they carried out something of his restrained and classical style.

## LIGHTING THE WAY A Lamplighter Explains

Light is good for everyone, as all good C.N. readers know.

But to become true Children of Light the light of knowledge is required, and to anyone who feels that to be true we cannot do better than recommend the book Dr. Ronald Campbell Macfie has written on *Sunshine and Health* for the Home University Library, published by Williams and Norgate at only 2s.

Dr. Macfie is one of those kindly and imaginative philosophers who can dip into the deep well of their knowledge to bring up a full cup that all can drink, and, by so administering it in small quantities, can make anyone understand the mysteries of light's influence on health and growth and life which science has taken so long to unravel.

#### A Thousand Wonderful Things

Everyone can see in the newspaper the daily quota of ultra-violet rays that come from the Sun to fall upon us. But what are ultra-violet rays, and why and how does the Sun send them out? Few learned men could have answered that at one time, but if you read Dr. Macfie with attention he will make it as clear as noonday.

He will picture for you great winds of electric and magnetic power sweeping for ever through the Universe, wireless waves, waves of visible light, waves of invisible light, X-rays, rays from radium, cosmic rays, some of them miles long and some so short that they have to be reckoned in something smaller than the millionth of an inch—but all impelled by the law of their being to rush along at the same inexplicable speed.

Then he will show you how they affect the eye, the senses, the body, bringing colour into being, making plants grow and winds blow, supporting the whole fabric of life, and seeming almost to make the world go round. Nothing is too difficult, nothing too small, for Dr. Macfie's patient explanations, and in the compass of his 250 pages we learn a thousand wonderful things.

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

#### Are Cranes the Same as Herons?

No; the cranes belong to the Gruidae and the herons to the Ardeidae.

#### What is Opal Glass?

A translucent glass having a milky iridescence. It is much used for stained-glass windows and ornamental ware.

#### Was 1900 a Leap Year?

No; the hundredth years 1800, 1900, and so on, are not leap years unless they are divisible by 400.

#### Is the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg an Independent State?

Yes; and the Treaty of Versailles specially declares it to be free from all ties with Germany.

#### What is the Population of the World Today?

It is estimated at 1,849,500,000. There is no estimate of the total number of people who have lived on the Earth from the beginning, for the simple reason that no one knows when the beginning was.

#### What is the Douai Bible?

It is the English translation of the Bible used by Roman Catholics. The New Testament was translated in the English College at Rheims and appeared in 1582, being known as the Rheims New Testament. The Old Testament, which was not published till 1609 and 1610, was translated some years previously by the English College at Douai.

#### Who were Bridgit, Columkille, Dyfan, and Mawgan?

They were British and Irish saints. Bridgit, or Brigid, was an Abbess born in the fifth century and is Patroness of Ireland. Columkille, or Columba, born about 521, of a royal family, carried Christianity from Ireland to Iona. Dyfan was sent as a missionary to Britain by Pope Eleutherius in the second century. Mawgan, or Meugant, was a Welsh prince of the sixth century, said to have been Bishop of Silchester.

## COMET NEARING THE EARTH

### HOW TO SEE IT

### A Visitor Which Has Travelled 600 Million Miles in Three Years

### FRAGMENTS FROM JUPITER

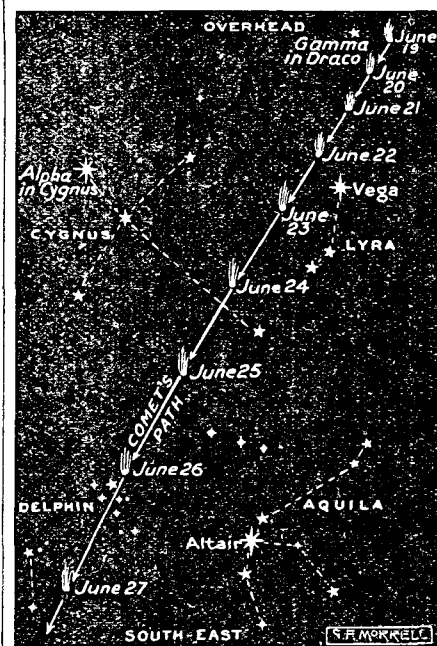
By the C.N. Astronomer

Pons-Winnecke's comet is now getting very near the Earth and should be easily visible through field-glasses during the next two weeks.

Our star map indicates the comet's path from June 19 to June 27, when it will be at its nearest to the Earth. At present it is almost overhead about midnight, passing, between June 19 and 20, to the west of Gamma in Draco.

Calculated to be about 7½ magnitude at this date, good field-glasses will be needed to see it, but it is travelling rapidly south-eastward and a week later will be midway between overhead and the horizon. So the star map covers a considerable length of sky. The chief stars indicated will be easily identified, to the south-east, between 11 p.m. and midnight, and the locality of the comet should be easily estimated.

It is getting brighter, and when at its nearest to us may attain sixth magnitude, when it may possibly be



The path of Pons-Winnecke's comet

seen by the naked eye, though the lingering summer twilight and fluctuations in the comet's brightness make this uncertain; but by the use of field, or even opera, glasses a sphere of diffused light (a sort of luminous mist, brighter in the centre and about twice the apparent width of the Moon) should be seen.

This light will be Pons-Winnecke's comet, and its change of position from evening to evening will prove conclusively that it has been spotted. So the observer may obtain a glimpse of this cometary visitor, which three years ago was beyond the orbit of Jupiter and some 600 million miles away. Next week only 3½ million miles will separate us from this, the nearest of the celestial host to our world except, of course, the Moon.

Indeed, being only fifteen times as far away, it is possible that the Earth's attraction may bring down a multitude of the comet's particles which follow in its train.

These, in the form of meteors, may possibly make a fine display in the south-east toward midnight, on June 27 and for a few evenings after. Then we may hope to see some fragments of this comet enter our atmosphere, particles which were, probably, long ages ago part of Jupiter.

G. F. M.

**Other Worlds.** In the evening Venus, Mars, and Mercury in the north-west, Saturn south. In the morning Jupiter south-east.



# THE RIVER PIRATES

A Tale of Adventure By Herbert Strang

## CHAPTER 23

### The Fort

THEIR ceremonious leave-taking finished, Mirski and the pirate parted, the Russian moving off with his party in the direction of the village, the Chinese, at the head of his lantern-bearers, crossing the moat and entering the fort. The gate clanged behind them. The cessation of the sound of their footsteps was followed by a low, confused babble from within the walls; it seemed that, late though it was in the evening, the pirates had no intention at present of seeking their beds.

"So that is the pirate captain," said Michael to his companion.

"Yes, that is the Tiger," replied Lo Fing.

The two were silent for a while, each thinking his own thoughts. Michael's flew back to that day when Larry and he had come so unexpectedly upon that dreadful scene in the joss-house. Who was the man, he wondered, whom they had saved from strangling at the hands of Ming Wang Tang and his follower? Had the pirate recognised Larry as one of the two young Englishmen who had foiled his murderous design? Was it possible that he had already taken revenge on his prisoner, and that Larry was no longer alive?

Michael remembered the purpose which the pirate was said to have had in mind when he brought his prisoner to this spot. It was to install, or to work, his wireless apparatus. Larry would almost certainly have refused to do his bidding. Had he suffered the penalty of refusal, or had the pirate spared him for the present in the hope of breaking down his resolution?

The urgency of his errand struck Michael with renewed force. By hook or by crook he must discover whether Larry was alive within the fort, and if he was find some means of bringing him out. How could he set about a task so difficult and dangerous? It must be undertaken alone.

"Will you go back, or remain here?" he asked the farmer. "You have done your part, and I thank you for your guidance. The rest must be for me."

"I beg you to come away with me," said Lo Fing. "What you propose to do is impossible; as our proverb says, it is like trying to turn a somersault in an oyster shell."

"Not quite so difficult as that, I hope. Anyhow, I must make the attempt."

"Then I will remain here, ready to help you if I can."

Michael thanked him, looked out to make sure that none of the pirate community was hovering about, then crept from under the boat and made his way cautiously toward the far side of the promontory.

There were no lights from huts or vessels here. The moonshine lit up the face of the promontory and the lake shore, a help toward reconnoitring, but likely to be a fatal disadvantage if his movements were seen from the fort.

The shore was fringed with rocks of varying height. A little distance inland was a dark stretch of woodland. Michael kept within the shadow of the trees until he came opposite the rocks; then he crept down to the shore and moved under cover of the rocks in the direction of the fort.

He had taken some few paces among the jagged boulders when an owl suddenly hooted from the wood behind. The eerie sound jarred Michael's strained nerves for the moment, but it subsequently turned out to be an omen of good fortune.

At length he reached a small cluster of rocks about thirty yards from the promontory. He crept out to the farthest of the rocks, from which, as he had hoped, he got a good view of the side of the fort, well lit up by the Moon. Beyond the moat the promontory or bluff

rose sheer from the shore, faced, it appeared, with concrete or masonry. This facing, forming a perpendicular wall, unscalable, twenty feet or more in height, continued along the side of the bluff for a little distance, then gave place to actual rock, steep and very rugged. It was unapproachable except from the lake, and so steep that a handful of men posted above could hold it against assault by an army.

As he gazed up at it Michael felt with a sinking heart that he was embarked on a hopeless quest. What possible chance was there of his communicating with Larry undiscovered? He knew nothing of the interior of the fort. There was nothing to give the least hint as to where Larry was confined.

"Well, one step at a time," he thought. "The first thing is to get somehow up to the fort. And how is that to be done?"

The answer was obvious. He had no boat, therefore he must swim. It was barely a hundred yards from the rocks among which he was hiding to the spot where the constructed masonry ended and the natural rock began. So far as he knew the water was not infested with sharks; the swim would be easy. But a swimmer in the glistening water could hardly escape detection if anyone chanced to be looking out from the fort, and, though further waiting went sorely against the grain, Michael decided that he had better keep in hiding until the Moon had disappeared over the promontory, leaving the near side in shadow.

It was a tedious interval. He grew more and more restless as minutes dragged into hours and the Moon crawled over the sky. The moment its rim had sunk behind the dark promontory he slipped off his boots and coat, laid them in the hollow of a rock for recovery later, tucked up his trousers, and waded in.

The water was warm. He was soon out of his depth, and swam very cautiously, careful to make no splash that might be heard above. Fortunately the subdued noise within the fort continued. Now and then a waterfowl squawked, and once, from the far distance, came the mournful hoot of an owl. But for these sounds all was silent.

He soon reached the other side, and, hauling himself on to the rocky slope, he lay at full length for a few minutes to regain his breath and decide upon his next move.

## CHAPTER 24

### An Owl's Hoot

MICHAEL found himself now wishing that the Moon could retrace its course and lend him aid. Close under the wall of the promontory it was very dark, and he had only such little help as the starlight afforded, and that was little indeed.

He began to clamber up. As so often happens, when he was actually climbing he found the slope of the rocky face to be less steep than it had appeared from below. On hands and knees he slowly forged his way upward until at length he arrived at the top.

Then he found himself confronted by an unexpected obstacle. From the upturned boat, and also from the rocks nearer at hand, it had seemed that the perpendicular wall of the fort sprang immediately from the wall of natural rock. The fact was, however, that they were separated by a smooth slope of concrete about a yard wide, which formed an angle of almost forty-five degrees between the base of the wall and the rocky ascent up which he had just climbed.

Try as he might, he could not get a foothold on this slope. His feet, even though his socks were dripping wet, slipped on the concrete. He tried to crawl up, but his knees could get no purchase.

There was nothing to clutch with his hands.

Baffled, he cast about for some means of getting over the difficulty. The wall above was only seven feet high; if once he could stand at its base it would be a simple matter to swarm up it, but for some little time he felt utterly baulked by this miniature glacis.

At length it occurred to him to move along its lower edge on the chance of discovering some practicable place of ascent. Heedfully he crept on toward the right, and at one moment had a fright. His foot struck upon a loose knob of rock. It was dislodged from its place, clattered down the face of the cliff, and fell into the lake with a splash that, to Michael's strained nerves, seemed loud enough to rouse the most heedless garrison. For an anxious moment he paused, wondering what possible chance of escape there was if the sound had been heard. But there was no change in the continuous mumble of voices from the interior of the fort. With a feeling of great relief he resumed his interrupted progress, bending down to examine the concrete as well as he could in the starlight. It was all smooth, unbroken, impossible to climb.

His hopes rose a little when he saw a faint glow in the wall, just below the level of his eyes. It came through a small square opening like a gun embrasure, and appeared to proceed from a lamp shining somewhere within the fort. He could now hear more clearly the hum of many voices, and made another attempt to crawl up the slope, so that he might look through the embrasure and scan the interior. Again he failed; his task seemed hopeless, and it was with a feeling of despair that he continued his uneasy walk along the face of the cliff.

But a minute or two later his persistence was at last rewarded. Feeling along the glacis, he discovered a crack in the concrete, zigzagging from the bottom to the top. It was wide enough and rough enough to give him a foothold against its jagged edges. Assisting himself with his hands, he crept up the crack and presently was able to stand upright at the base of the wall.

The top was rather more than a foot above his head; the stone was quite smooth and free from gaps; but he pulled himself up by his hands until he could peep over. By the light of the Moon he saw a broad platform just beneath the wall; to his right was a gun; beyond the platform there were sheets of corrugated iron, forming no doubt the roof of the quarters of the garrison. Farther away were various sheds and other buildings difficult to distinguish. In

some of them there were lights, and in the open spaces between them men were moving about. And on the farther side of the enclosure rose the two slender wireless masts.

He held on until his arms were tired, taking in as many details of the scene as he could grasp in what was necessarily a hurried survey. Then he dropped down to rest, and to consider what his next move must be.

How was he to find Larry?

The enclosure of the fort was very extensive; at a guess it covered a couple of acres of ground. Whereabouts in that expanse was the prisoner confined? He might be within a few yards of the spot where Michael now stood; he might be separated from him by the whole width of the enclosure. He might be above ground or below; and then, as Michael's former suspicion that the pirate might have killed his brother returned to him, he grew hot and cold, and felt a passionate impulse to spring on to the wall and down into the fort, either to save or to avenge.

But common sense, of course, checked any rash action. It was a matter for cool thinking. He bent his wits to devise some practicable scheme, quite in vain until the renewed hoot of that distant owl gave him an inspiration.

Years ago, in their young boyhood, he and Larry had often amused themselves by practising scouting in the woods near their home. The fine beech woods stretched for miles across the country, almost trackless, and it had been a favourite sport to lose each other among the trees, and then to communicate over long distances by imitating the hoot of owls. They had studied the slight variations made by the birds themselves, and had ultimately devised a code of signals by means of which they had conveyed to each other information as to their whereabouts and directions for the course.

The old game was at least worth trying now. Larry would remember the code; if he were within hearing he would respond to a call. Michael saw clearly enough that if no response came he could draw no inference one way or the other, and he was prepared to be disappointed.

The first necessity was to make his owl's call so natural that it would deceive the enemy. He could not venture to give voice to it so near the wall, but must create some illusion of distance. He let himself down the concrete slope, then carefully clambered down the cliff below until he reached a position where it would be very difficult for the keenest of prying eyes above to discover him. Then he hooted. No one but Larry would know that the sound formed the question, "Where are you?"

With a beating heart he awaited a reply. There was none; he heard nothing but the blurred sound of voices and movements within the fort. For a while he dared not hoot again; he must allow a natural interval to elapse. It was perhaps ten minutes before he repeated the same set of notes.

And then it was as though an electric shock had set all his muscles jerking and tingling, for from within the fort, seemingly only a few yards away, came the answer, the cry he had not heard for years, the three simple notes that signified "I am here!"

Michael had gone through many excitements during the past few days, but none had thrilled him so intensely as the certainty that his brother was alive, almost within his reach. He could hear his heart thumping against his ribs; for the moment he felt incapable of any action; he must lie still until he had recovered his composure.

And lying still he listened. Had the signals drawn the attention of the garrison?

Anxiously he strained his ears. There was no variation in the volume or the kind of the sounds from within.

"Now to get in," he said to himself.

TO BE CONTINUED

## Tales Before Bedtime

### Bimbo's Promise

BIMBO felt quite cross when his Mother asked him to pick up the bits of paper which a high wind had blown into the garden.

And then suddenly he remembered that Daddie, just as he had started for the office, had told him to take great care of Mummie that day because she had got one of her very bad headaches.

Bimbo, delighted to be left in charge, had called back: "Yes, Daddie, I will." So, remembering his promise, he picked up the basket and set to work.

Bimbo thought the garden had never looked so untidy; but he worked on steadily till every scrap of paper had disappeared, except one which the wind had blown behind a rose tree. Carefully poking with his stick, Bimbo got it out, and was throwing it into the basket when something caught his eye.

"Look, Mummie!" he cried, running into the house. "I've found such a queer paper with two big eyes on it."

"Why!" exclaimed Mrs. Benford, "this is the prescription from the eye specialist which old Grannie Woodman lost yesterday. She was dreadfully upset, so you had better run along with it at once and give it to her."

Five minutes later Bimbo was being taken into a room where an old lady sat knitting, while a mischievous kitten played with her ball of wool.

Great was Grannie Woodman's joy when Bimbo held out the crumpled paper which had been given up as lost. Explanations quickly followed, and it was then found that the kitten had carried the paper into the garden, where it had



Such a queer paper!

lain unnoticed until the wind had blown it away.

For quite a long time Bimbo stayed and chattered to his new friend, and had great fun playing with the black Persian kitten. But his delight knew no bounds when, as he was saying good-bye, the old lady put the fluffy little creature into his arms, and said that if his Mummie and Daddie were willing he might keep it for his very own.

## FROM BLÉRIOT TO LINDBERGH

In 1909 Blériot flew across the English Channel for the first time. The other day Lindbergh flew across the Atlantic from New York to Paris. What amazing progress in less than twenty years!

In My Magazine for July, now on sale everywhere, is a splendid article telling of the wonders of the Flying Age. It is an article that none who are keen on progress should miss.

Many and varied are the subjects dealt with in this best of all the monthlies, as will be seen from the few titles taken at random from the big list of contents of the July number.

### Cats and Dogs

Are They Friends or Foes?

### The Poor Wise Man

A Great Figure Little Known

### The Living World No Man Had Seen

How Its Gates Were Opened

### Unveiling a Lost City

The Doom and Tomb of

Herculaneum

### Let Us Now Praise Samuel Crompton

A Poor Immortal of Lancashire

Besides numerous other articles, stories, poems, and puzzles, there are hosts of pictures in black and white, in photograph, and in colours. My Magazine is the best shillingsworth on the bookstalls

## MY MAGAZINE

Edited by Arthur Mee





# It is a Goodly Sight to See This Lovely Land



## THE BRAN TUB

### What Am I?

ONE moment I both live and die,  
And yet so very old am I  
That none my age e'er yet came nigh.  
Unequal steps to me belong,  
One moment short, another long.  
One minute will my name unmask,  
You have my leave the same to ask.

Answer next week

### The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



The Aard Wolf

This comparatively rare animal, which is allied to the hyena, is found in South Africa. It lives in burrows, and, like all burrowing animals, it is of a timid and cowardly disposition. The shaggy fur is a yellowish or reddish-brown colour, marked with a few black stripes. Carrion and insects are its chief food.

### Things Just Patented

We have no further information about the new patents which are illustrated here.

**A Motor-Car Which Travels Sideways.** Owing to an ingenious arrangement of pinions on the ends of the axles, controlled from the steering column through various cranks, it



is possible to turn the wheels of this new car through angles of as much as 180 degrees. Thus, without altering the direction of the head of the car, the vehicle can be made to travel at right angles to its previous course.

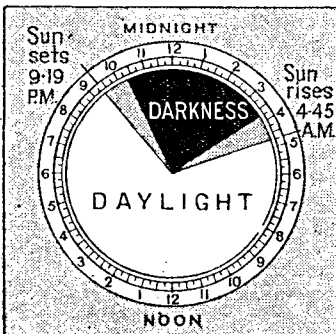
**A Door Wedge That Remains Fixed.** Ill-fitting doors are apt to be a nuisance in windy weather and ordinary wedges often fail to overcome the trouble by being shaken out of position. Here is a new wedge, however, which should prove effective, for besides having two sharp edges on its upper surface which grip the door, the wedge has passing through its thick end a screw whose projecting point fixes into the floor and so holds the wedge firmly in position.



### Proverbs About Prosperity

A FULL cup is hard to carry.  
Prosperous men seldom mend their faults.  
Good harvests make men prodigal; bad ones, provident.  
In times of prosperity friends will be plenty; in times of adversity not one among twenty.  
He who swells in prosperity will shrink in adversity.

### Day and Night Chart

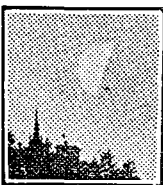


Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. June 22 is the longest day, after which the daylight grows shorter each day.

### Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE young broods of greenfinches are fledged. Young partridges are hatched. The songs of the red-breast and golden-crested wren cease.

The painted lady and meadow-brown butterflies and the silver Y, eyed hawk, six-spot burnet, and privet hawk moths appear. The asparagus beetle, rose beetle, and small horsefly are seen.



Looking South 8 a.m., June 22

Plants coming into blossom include the bee orchis, pellitory, water speedwell, biting stonecrop, black knapweed, small scabious, viper's bugloss, water figwort, wild carrot, cudweed, goatsbeard, self heal, dock, nipplewort, horehound, hop trefoil, dropwort, and mayweed.

### A Puzzle in Rhyme

Tis in the cabin but not in the ship,  
Tis in the tearing but not in the rip,  
Tis in the pigeon but not in the gull,  
Tis in the jolly but not in the dull,  
Tis in the schoolroom but not in the class,  
Tis in the window but not in the glass,  
Tis in the shower but not in the rain,  
Tis in the profit but not in the gain,  
Tis in the ploughing but not in the mow,  
Complete I'm a poet whose writings you know.

Answer next week

### Ici On Parle Français

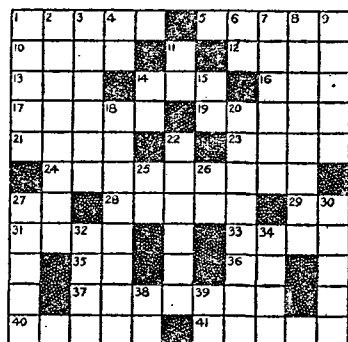


Le bec Le coiffet Le garçonnet  
L'oiseau de proie a le bec recourbé  
Elle serre ses bijoux dans un coffret  
Ce garçonnet a l'air très éveillé

### Is Your Name Ewart?

THE surname Ewart has two quite distinct origins. The Normans spelled the Christian name Edward that way by dropping the first d and turning the second one into a t. But the word also meant in Anglo-Saxon a herder of ewes, a shepherd. Whether a present-day Ewart family are descendants of an Edward or of a ewe-herd depends upon whether they are descended in the male line from Normans or from Englishmen.

### Cross-Word Puzzle



THERE are 44 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. The clues are given below and the answers will appear next week.

**Reading Across.** 1. To blaze. 5. Account. 10. Solitary. 12. Over again. 13. Refreshment house. 14. A cutting instrument. 16. A unit. 17. Wants. 19. Ardent. 21. Late Russian ruler. 23. Smaller. 24. Evergreen flowering shrubs. 27. Common metre (abbrev.). 28. Plant which yields Manila hemp. 29. For example (abbrev.). 31. A crowd. 33. Current. 35. Preposition. 38. Not off. 37. Treasurers. 40. Skins. 41. Fables.

**Reading Down.** 1. A species of quartz. 2. Lonely. 3. To bake. 4. First person singular. 6. Chartered accountant (abbrev.). 7. The wild ass of Central Asia. 8. Having a niche. 9. Pitchers. 11. Child's name for Mother. 14. Steamship (abbrev.). 15. You and I. 18. Terrible. 20. Pertaining to chance. 22. Serpents. 25. A sailor (abbrev.). 26. Where the City of Washington stands (abbrev.). 27. Low in price. 30. Mechanical appliances. 32. A garment. 34. The present month (abbrev.). 38. A learned society (abbrev.). 39. Exists.

## Jacko Runs Away

JACKO never seemed to have much luck with a cricket ball. He never made any runs if he played in a match, and if he knocked the ball about at home something always got broken. What made Mrs. Jacko most angry was when her cherished plants got their heads knocked off.

"Look at this!" she exclaimed one day, wringing her hands. "All my lovely lilies destroyed. Where is that wretched boy?" But the wretched boy had vanished. He had already had three canings that week, and didn't want another.

"I shall run away," he declared as he jumped over a stile into the woods. "Life's not worth living at home nowadays."

But running away wasn't quite as simple as it sounded. Jacko had made up his mind to build a little hut in the woods, but that took some doing, and by the time it was dark the hut wasn't nearly ready to sleep in. He was desperately hungry, too, and couldn't find any of the nuts and berries that runaways always live on in books. To add to his misery, a stray goat butted into him, and sent him flying into a bed of stinging-nettles.



The goat sent him flying into a bed of nettles

"I don't think much of this wood!" Jacko exclaimed angrily as he struggled up. "If I don't get something to eat I shall die."

Fortunately he had a few pennies in his pocket, and at last he decided to go back into the village and buy some buns.

"I can sleep in a hayloft," he said hopefully.

By this time the wood was very dark and creepy, and Jacko would have felt quite frightened if he hadn't seen the lights of the village shining through the trees. But when he ran in that direction he came out on to a common instead of into the village, and found the lights belonged to a gipsy encampment.

"This looks promising!" he said, his face lighting up.

The caravans certainly did look cosy, and Jacko made up his mind then and there that he would be a gipsy. A delicious smell of cooking made him even keener on the prospect, and he crept into the middle of the encampment where a big pot was steaming away over a wood fire.

"Rabbit stew, or I'm a Dutchman!" exclaimed Jacko, lifting off the cover to have a look inside.

Suddenly a heavy hand descended on his shoulder, and there was a big gipsy scowling at him.

Jacko had always believed gipsies were very kind to runaways, but this one wasn't at all sympathetic. "Run away from home, have you?" he said. "Well, then, back you go! There's nothing for you here." And he looked so threatening that Jacko made off as fast as he could go.

"That man was right; I'd better go home," he said to himself. "The Mater is certain to have kept some supper for me."

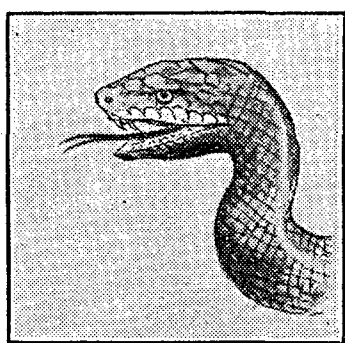
But for once she hadn't. There was only one thing waiting for Jacko when he got back at midnight, and that was the cane.

### Do You Know Me?

No man could ever yet my shape reveal,  
From mortal sight I still myself conceal;  
I'm an aerial vehicle of sound  
Still within hearing, never to be found;  
Oft in strange languages I silence break,  
Without a tongue, in every one I speak;  
Yes, and to music, too, I dare pretend,  
Composer's art could ne'er my power transcend;  
Greatest musicians strive with me in vain,  
I emulate the best, outlast the longest strain.  
Go, learned wits, now proudly boast your parts;  
I, though untaught, can talk of all your arts.

Answer next week

### Mistakes That Everybody Makes



It is a common error that the snake stings with its forked tongue. It poisons by biting with its fangs, or teeth.

## DI MERRYMAN

### Overdone

THE master of the house looked despairingly at the burned and blackened steak which the new cook had served up for his dinner.

"I wonder," he sighed, "if there is any truth in the old saying that woman's work is never done."

### The Trials of a Gardener



"Look at that plant!" sighed Golly Wog, "Which made the garden gay." "I ate its leaves," grinned Charlie Creep, "For breakfast yesterday!"

WHY is a popular actor like a clever architect?  
Because he draws good houses.

### Pests of all Sizes

SOMEONE living in Putney writes to a newspaper saying that "many children are perfect little pests." Now that he has relieved his feelings by a letter to an editor we hope he will feel a little better. In the meantime we are afraid that many grown-ups are — well, so stupid that they write silly letters to grown-up papers.

### The Helpful Notice Board

THIS road is private. Didn't you see the notice at the gate: No thoroughfare?

Yes, of course! That's how I knew there was a way through.

### Tip-Top

IF each of my uncles gave me a pound,  
And each of my aunts a shilling,  
I'd buy a horse and a faithful hound,  
And I'd ride away out of sight and sound  
To a land that no one has ever found,  
The fairy kingdom of Willing;  
And I'd will myself to be always strong  
And only have happy feels,  
Never afraid the whole night long  
And ever so hungry at meals;  
And I'd will all doctors to keep away,  
All dentists to die of fear,  
And I'd write to each uncle every day  
And my aunts once a year.

### The Poor Fellows

FIRST TRAMP: This paper says some of those millionaires work eight and ten hours a day.

Second Tramp: Ah, it's a hard world for some poor fellows!

### How Quassia Got Its Name

QUASSIA is the bitter wood of several tropical plants, including the Surinam quassia. It is much used for its tonic properties.

The great Swedish botanist Carl Linnaeus gave the name to the Surinam tree in honour of a Negro called Quassi, who was so successful in dispensing it as a fever remedy that the natives of Surinam believed him possessed of magic powers.

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

#### Beheaded Animals

B-e-ar, b-o-ar, g-o-ats, f-o-x.

#### Changeling

Shut, shot, soot, loot, look, lock.

An Enigma. The letter h.

Built-Up Word. Car-pet.



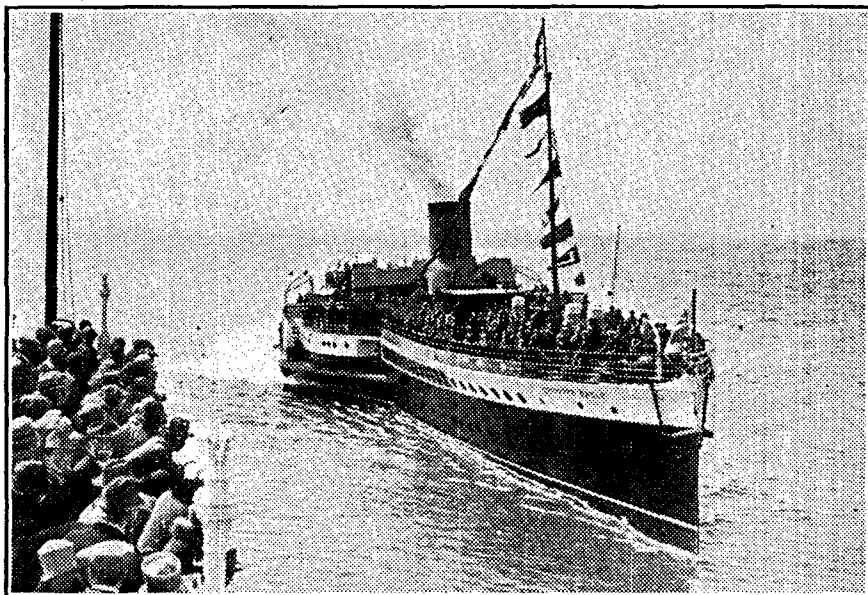
The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

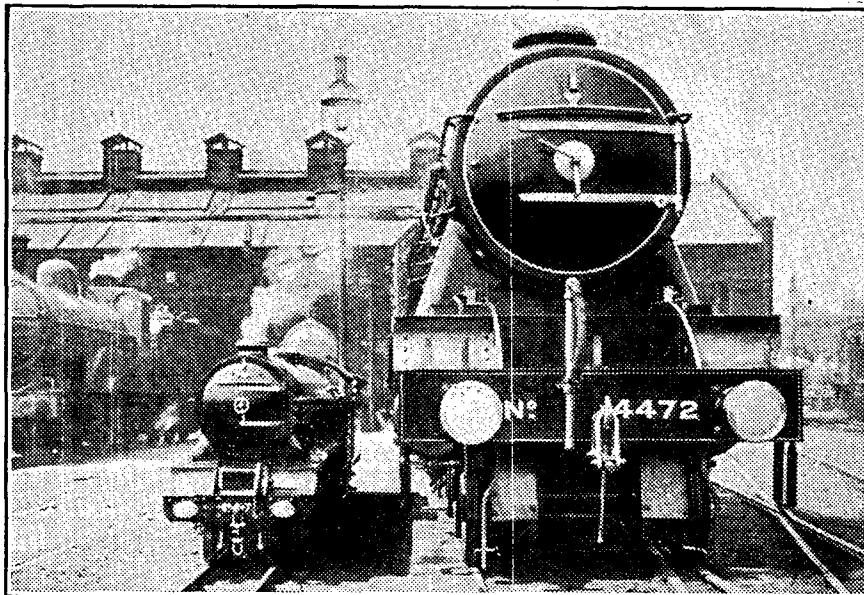
June 18, 1927  
Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere except Canada for 14s. a year; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

## THE GIANT ENGINE • SEAWEED FOR HATS • SAILORS AT PLAY



The Londoner's Holiday Ship—Thousands of London people who spend their holidays at Margate and other parts of Thanet enjoy the journey by sailing down the Thames instead of going by train. Here we see the Crested Eagle making her first trip of the season



The Giant and the Dwarf—This picture was taken at King's Cross when a locomotive built for the Romney, Hythe, and Dymchurch Light Railway was placed beside the 150-ton Pacific Flying Scotsman on which it is modelled. The small engine weighs only eight tons



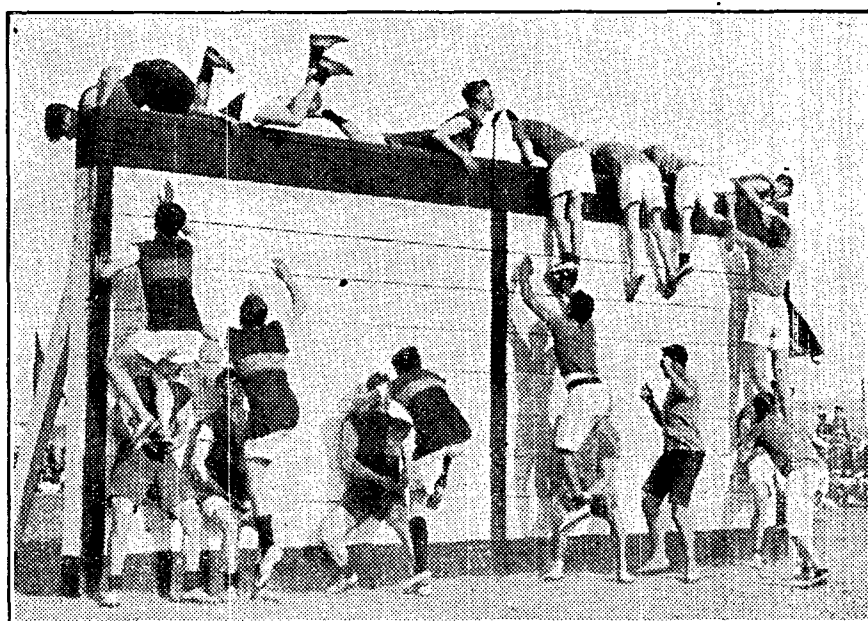
Resting After a Busy Day—Here we see llamas resting at the London Zoo, where they earn their living by pulling little carriages in which children ride



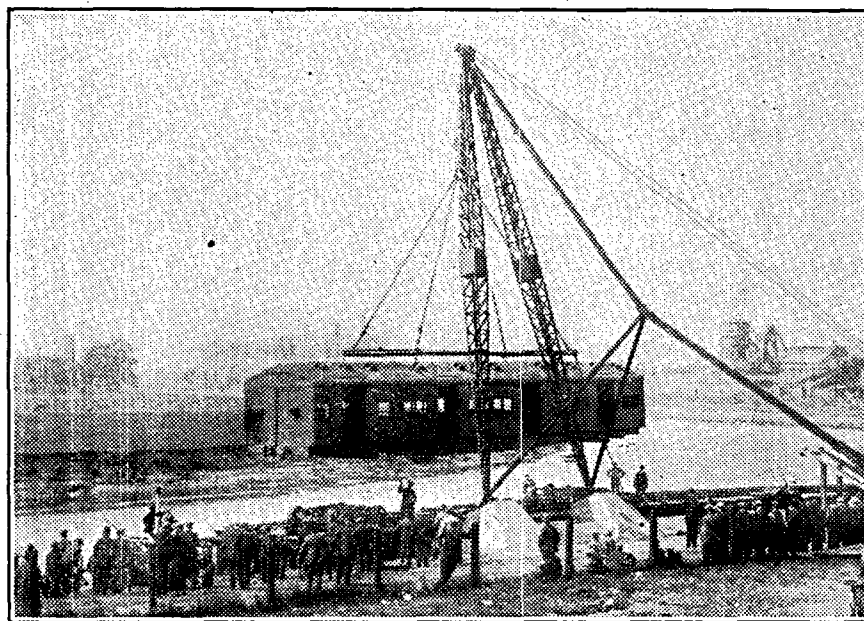
Milkmaids of Holland—This picture shows that the changing fashions of the rest of Europe do not affect the countryfolk of Holland, for these girls are still wearing the old-fashioned dresses



Seaweed for Hats—Mr. G. Levitt gathers seaweed on the Isle of Grain, Kent, and sells it to milliners for hat trimming. He is here seen dyeing and wringing the weed



Jack Tar at Play—The annual sports of the Mediterranean Fleet were held recently at Malta. This picture shows sailors taking part in a race in which a high fence had to be scaled



Railway Coaches for India—The 160 steel coaches for an electrified Indian railway are being built at Nottingham. Here a new coach is being put on a barge for shipment

## ARE CATS AND DOGS FRIENDS OR FOES? SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR JULY

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